NOVEMBER 15 — 21, 1980

RS. 2

EVE'S WEEKLY

THE POWER STRUGGLE, WHERE WOMEN ARE THE LOSERS

THE CAPITAL SCENE: PLAN A HOLIDAY IN AND AROUND DELHI

COOKERY FEATURE: EGGING 'EM ON!

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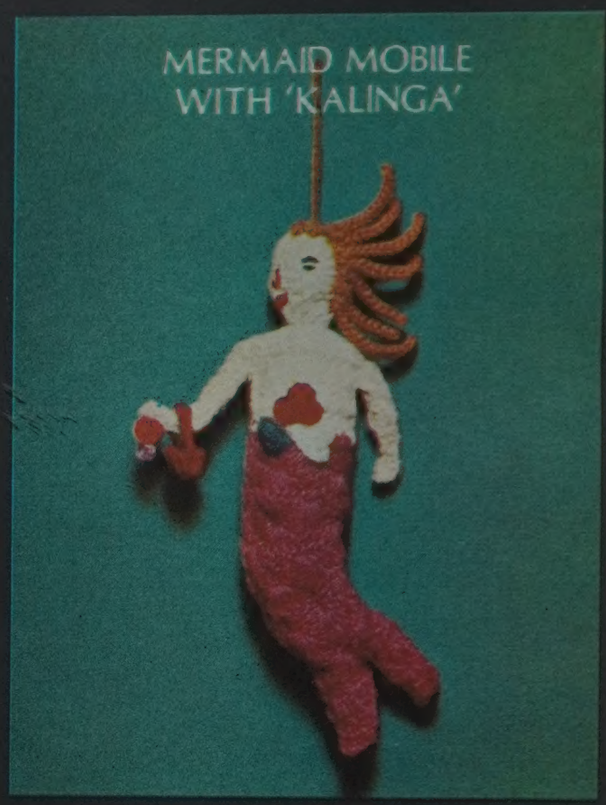
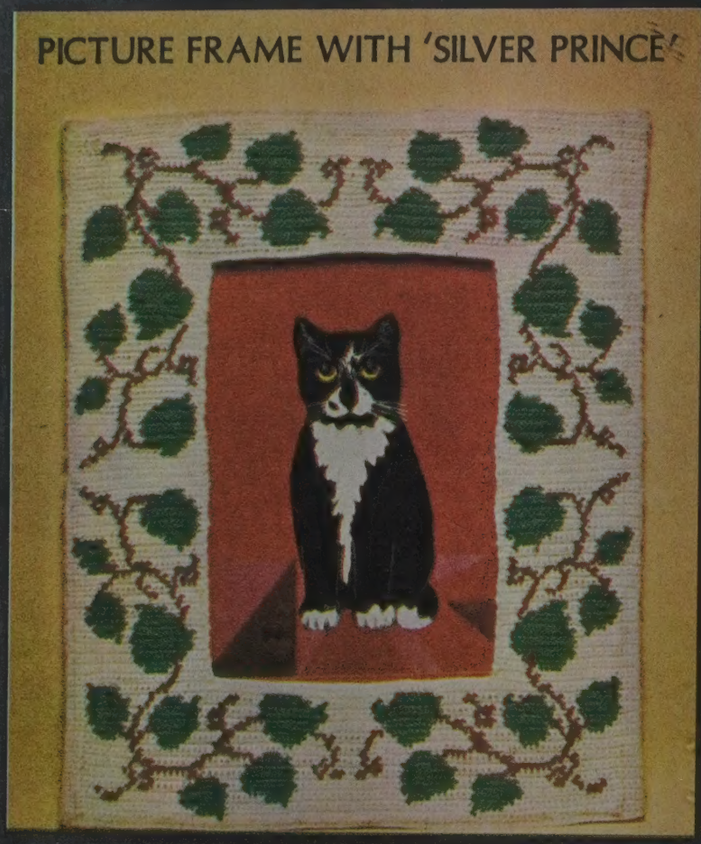
MERMAID MOBILE WITH 'KALINGA'



PICTURE FRAME WITH 'SILVER PRINCE'



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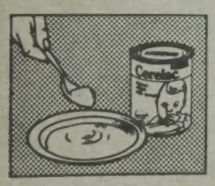
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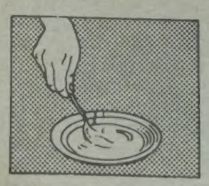
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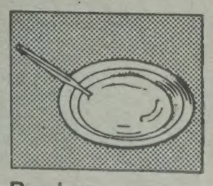
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Eve's Weekly

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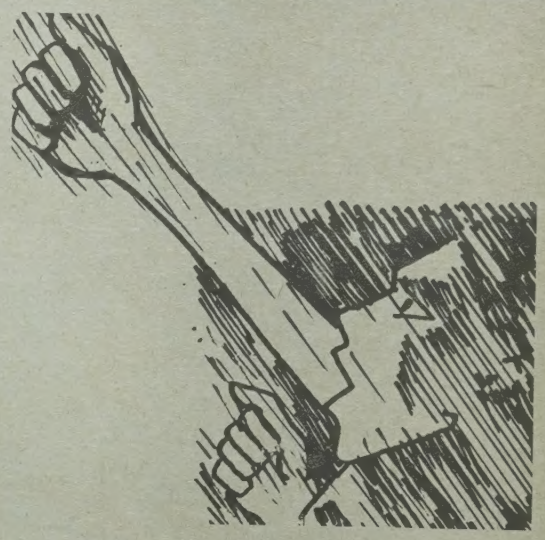
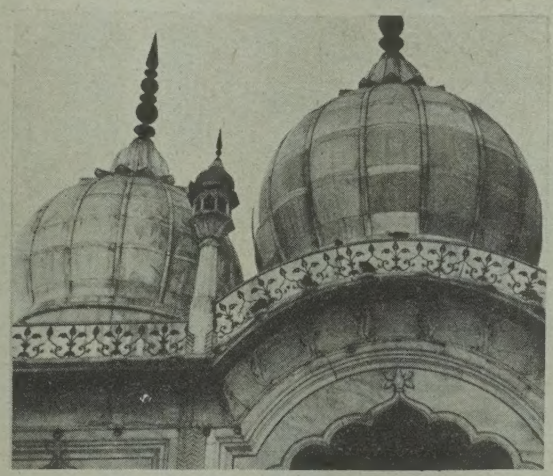
THIS WEEK

THE POWER GAME

Much of life is a power struggle, with the odds usually weighing heavily on one side, and the other side having to resort to indirect methods to try and get what it wants — more often than not, in vain. A look at how men and women use power.
Page 12.





THE CAPITAL SCENE

Despite recent bad publicity, Delhi, it seems, has more to offer than eve-teasers, desperate hoodlums and unscrupulous politicians. It can, it seems, even yield a great holiday! A guide to holidaying in the capital and its environs.
Page 14.

THE KARMA EXPERIMENT

A rural development project, the organisers of which learnt that women are the harbingers of change both in the home and in the community, and got more results after recognising this fact.
Page 19.

MULTI-STOREYED NONSENSE

Low-income housing is a major need of the hour in our country, but unfortunately all our efforts so far have been thoroughly misguided. A major re-thinking and re-planning is urgently required.
Page 48.

ALSO

Women in Focus : Patricia Gokhale and Hima Devi — **Page 21** "Ships That Pass": Part II of our new suspense serial — **Page 24** Passing Through: Lady Wilson — **Page 33** Their Mother's House: A surrogate home for homeless girls — **Page 45** Film Interview: Madhavi — **Page 47** Heart to Heart: Beginning our advice column again — **Page 49.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

RALLY-O

On October 18,1980, the Himalayan Rally had a fine start, and thousands of people thronged and lined the roads all over to have a look at the colourful cars and the teams that were manning them. In Bombay, at several signal points, a number of people stood with garlands and bouquets for the participants. People were so thrilled. It was such a grand event to take place in India. But all this was short-lived for soon came reports about the stone-throwing, man-handling, etc. by anti-rally protesters. Even the all-women team led by Marianne Hoepfner of West Germany was not spared by the hostile crowds. Her car was damaged, the windscreen shattered and her camera stolen! It is reported that Marianne has decided never to return to India. It is not surprising. What impression of India will the foreigners carry with them? After all, the Government had accorded the necessary permission for such a unique Rally and it would also, naturally, have helped to attract and boost tourism. India's image has been shattered — for what reason? Is it jealousy, revenge, malice or just politics?

I. D'SOUZA, Bombay.

It's politics, of course — dirty politics injected into something which is, or should be, as fair and uplifting and unsullied as sport. Never mind what the foreigners think of us, what do we think of ourselves?

2nd PRIZE

MOTHER USED TO . . .

It is grossly unfair (leave alone an effeminate trait) for husbands to compare their wives with their mothers, as regards cooking and efficient managing of the household. In the old days, women seldom left their homes and went out to earn and supplement the family income. This is why they had ample time to cope with their domestic chores. Moreover, at that time, hired help was easily and cheaply available. None of these women ever frequented hotels or sampled continental food. In their opinion it was a crime to be caught 'eating out'. Their cooking was strictly stereotype and was restricted by orthodox rules of their respective castes. Also their knowledge of culinary art was limited and whatever they knew was taught to them by their elders. Today, there is a great improvement in the techniques of culinary art. The modern housewife can prepare all kinds of delicacies and also ventures to try out new recipes, published in all the popular magazines of today.

Before you husbands make an unjust comparison, please bear in mind that the young housewife of today not only eases the financial strain but also copes with innumerable household chores including religious and social duties in a limited amount of time. Despite this, she is expected to remain cheerful. and pretty.

In conclusion, ask yourselves when actually you put on those extra 'kaygees' —was it before or after marriage?

NAME WITHELD

"Like mother used to make" is now a joke and should be treated as one. Men are going to have to go into the kitchen sooner or later (did you see our Special Issue — "I Hate To Cook!" — of Nov. 1?). So, maybe, within the next decade or so, we'll probably be hearing a new version, something like "My Pop used to make smashing kababs — you must try his recipe"...

3rd PRIZE

WOMEN IN CRIME

A recent report by the Bureau Police Research And Development (BPRD) says that an increasing number of women have been taking to crime in India. The most distressing trend was that they have been found to be involved in heinous crimes. Theft and kidnapping come next to murder. According to the researchers, Mrs. Surat Mishra and Mr. M. I. Bhanot, in their study, have found that the most volatile age for committing murder by women was between 30 39 and for theft and kidnapping between 40 and 49.

The report is certainly disturbing and something must be done to arrest this trend among our women. To keep our women from indulging in such crimes should be the first aim of many of our women's social welfare organisations. The next would be to rehabilitate such women convicts after their release. It is imperative we devote some time to these women. In our country, apparently, we can't rely on our police force, as is possible in the West, to help in reforming such women convicts. The police, infact, have become expert in exploiting our helpless women. Next in line are our government efforts, non-government agencies, welfare associations. These institutions can do something tangible, if they so wish. They should gear up their efforts to wean our women away from such crimes. It must be remembered that vagrancy in woman is likely to be fraught with more danger than that in a man. Let everyone involved in the welfare of women take up this issue before it is too late.

MRS. PRATIBHA HARSOLE, Indore.

If women are going out to work, if women are earning for the family and experiencing the same poverty and the same frustrations as the men, we should not be surprised if they develop the same criminal tendencies, too. We cannot, and should not, expect women to remain the submissive, 'delicate flowers' they have been hitherto. And, as for rehabilitation — that should be the equal prerogative of both men and women.

WOMEN AGAINST CRIME

Recently, when a couple were attacked by two rowdies in broad daylight they were saved by the timely action of the wife who hit one of them with a heavy stone. Nowadays such incidents of rape and violence are on the increase. When the custodians of law and order, to whom we look for protection, are helpless or stand aside as onlookers, the public, with their combined efforts, should oust these anti-social elements and give them a taste of their own medicine. Women, along with other skills, must learn a few methods of self-protection; and training should be given to girls to face such situations, as part of their P.T. classes.

MRS. RAJAMANI SHENOY, Cochin

The more women show fear, the more they will be attacked. Of course, physical strength is on the side of the men and it is not easy for a woman to fight a man. Ironically, she would still need a man's protection, and the shelter of the law. . .

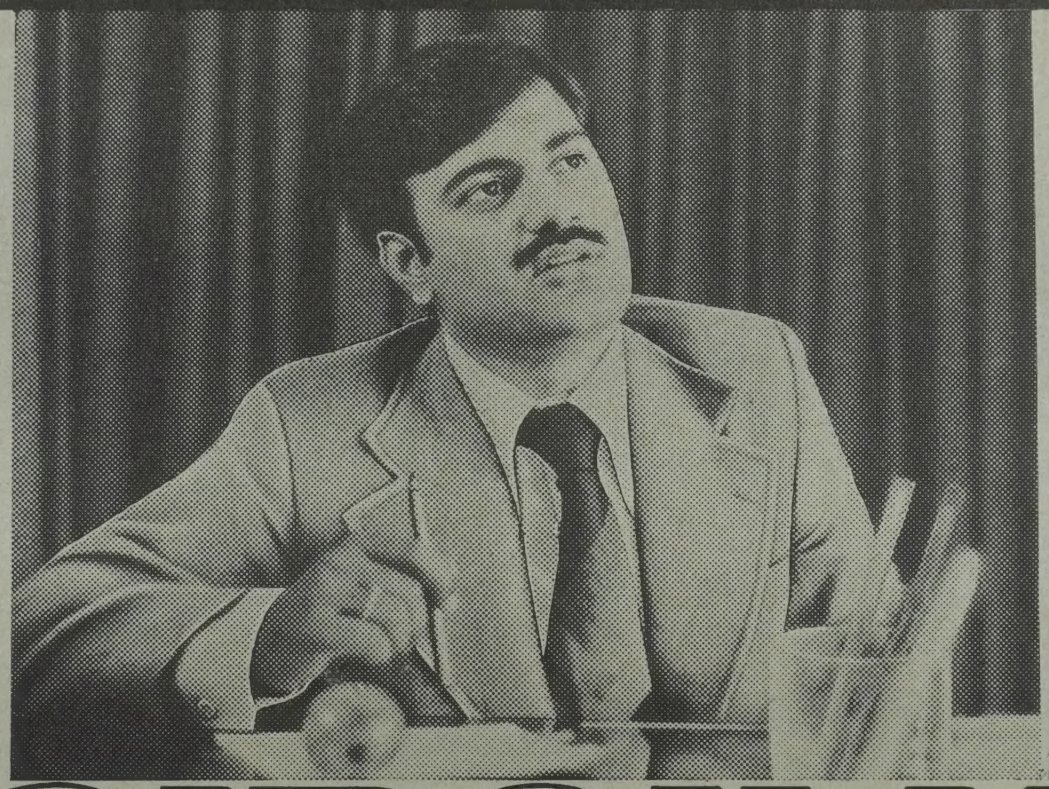
BRANDED!

We have been reading about a a lot of rape cases as heinous as a father raping his own daughter or a policeman raping a ten-year-old child. These men are worse than animals. Punishing the culprit by sending him to prison is not enough. He should be branded for life with a hot iron on his forehead, for all the world to see. The brand should be in the shape of an inverted triangle (the family planning sign will serve a double purpose!; which he will have to bear with shame throughout his life.

MRS. SUSHILA MALLYA, Bombay

We know how you feel. We, too, feel enraged and murderous. But, you know Mrs. M., that this cannot be the solution. . .

The essence of personality



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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

POLICE BRUTALITY

With regard to the Baghpat case, you are correct in saying that "this particular atrocity should not be reduced into a mere whodunit. . ." and the article by Neerja Chowdhury (Sept. 20), was indeed thought-provoking.

After reading the article one comes to the conclusion that our country does not have a democratic system but a dictatorship in the form of police brutality and high-handedness. If the government does not act with the utmost seriousness, the enraged public will not allow the criminals to escape from punishment! See what happened to the S.I., Narendra Singh — he was murdered while travelling on a scooter!

S. KRISHNA KUMAR, Bombay.

INFORMATION HELPS

I refer to the helpful article, "Mastectomy need not be traumatic," by Jaya Ramanathan (Sept. 20). It does much to allay the fear of breast cancer which clouds the horizon of most women. It indicates that social workers not only have to educate mastectomy patients, but also their relatives, especially the in-laws. The knowledge that mastectomy patients can lead normal lives and can even bear children is most reassuring. The information on "Breast Self-Examination is for Everyone" was also very helpful.

RITA RAJAMAHENDRA, Secunderabad.

ONE-SIDED PICTURE

I have read with interest the article, "Getting Past The Primary Stage" by J.P. Naik (Sept. 27). Mr. Naik has given only one side of the picture. He has quoted figures about how many primary schools were opened and teachers employed. He has not given a clear picture of the number of primary schools closed down or the exact number of drop-outs and the reasons for the same. While the increasing number of schools shows the progress made by the country in the field of education, the closing down of the schools is a reflection on the government.

I know of a Sindhi Primary School at Lajpat Nagar, New Delhi, which was ordered to be closed down on October 1, 1980, in mid-session and without prior intimation to parents, because of the small number of students, though the number of teachers was also reduced. Is this the compulsory and free primary education which the government has been announcing? The constitutional provision that primary education should be given through the mother tongue is also being violated. Primary education is surely not a business proposition. Expenditure, not necessarily with return, except in terms of literacy, is expected.

S. M. JHANGIANI, New Delhi.

MOVING STORY

The story of little Tumba, in the Human Interest Story by Shruti Shukla (Sept. 27), was highly moving. It left me in tears thinking of the hapless child awaiting innocently the moment when she would be free from all earthly pains.

MANU MANARCAD, Kottayam.

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

The story, "The Eve Teaser" by Nomita Grover (Oct. 4), should be made compulsory reading for every boy in school or college. The author drives her message home with tremendous force in this simply told tale. And what an important message it is these days. Such stories help mould the morals of the younger set and even make the oldies think.

KRISHNAMALA RAO, Secunderabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF NOV. 22

WANTED: A SURROGATE MOTHER

A single man in the U.S. has advertised for a woman (not a wife) who is willing to bear a child for him with no marital or maternal rights or responsibilities thereafter. A discussion of the implications.

LEGAL QUERIES

One of the frustrating aspects of the law is that, generally, you cannot ask a straight question and expect a straight answer. What, for example, is the answer to this one: "My husband drinks. Can I divorce him?"

THE MEATLESS WONDER

As meat prices sky-rocket along with the prices of every other essential commodity, confirmed non-vegetarians can seek some reprieve in mock meat dishes.

ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES

As oil refineries burn in the desert, the prospect of a worsening energy crisis looms larger on the world horizon.

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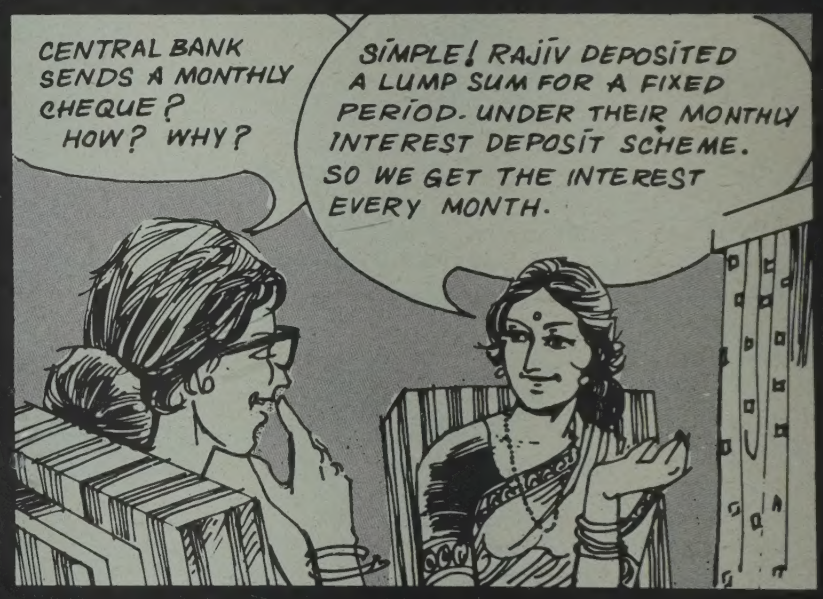
How Smita relieved the budgetary headache.

HELLO LATA. COME IN. I WAS JUST READING MY ARUN'S LETTER. HE'S PASSED HIS FIRST TERM.
THATS GOOD NEWS SMITA. CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION

I AM SO PROUD OF ARUN. IN A YEAR HE'LL FINISH WITH BOARDING SCHOOL AND GO OFF TO COLLEGE.
YES HE'S A BRIGHT BOY, BUT AREN'T THE FEES A STRAIN ON YOUR FINANCES.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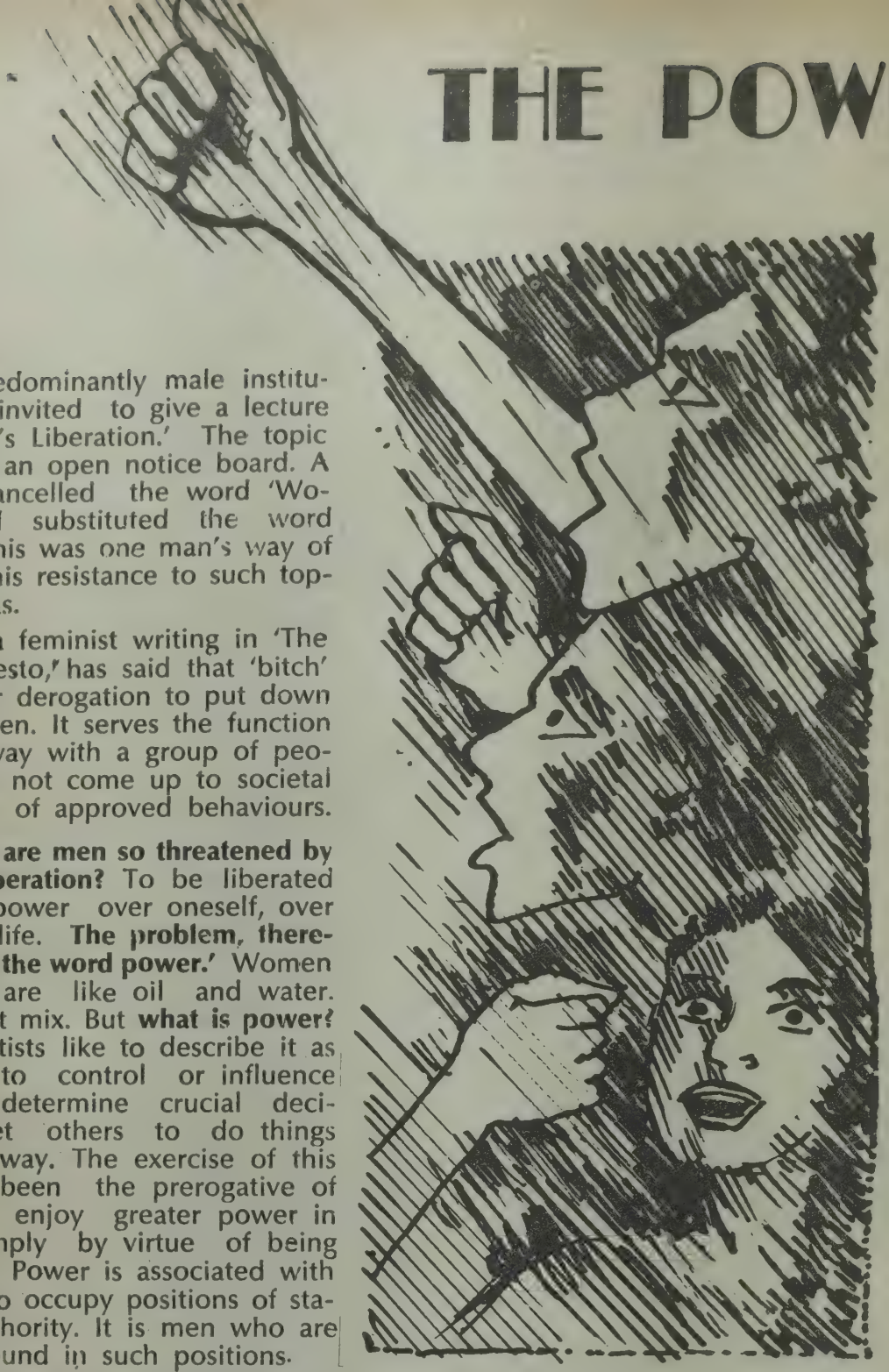
THE POWER GAMES



In a predominantly male institution, I was invited to give a lecture on 'Women's Liberation.' The topic was put on an open notice board. A passer-by cancelled the word 'Women's' and substituted the word 'Bitch's.' This was one man's way of expressing his resistance to such topics and ideas.

Joreen, a feminist writing in 'The Bitch Manifesto,' has said that 'bitch' is a popular derogation to put down uppity women. It serves the function of doing away with a group of people who do not come up to societal expectations of approved behaviours.

But **why are men so threatened by women's liberation?** To be liberated is to have power over oneself, over one's own life. **The problem, therefore, is with the word power.'** Women and power are like oil and water. They do not mix. But **what is power?** Social scientists like to describe it as an ability to control or influence others, to determine crucial decisions, to get others to do things one's own way. The exercise of this ability has been the prerogative of men. They enjoy greater power in society simply by virtue of being born male. Power is associated with persons who occupy positions of status and authority. It is men who are generally found in such positions.

But what about the saying, 'Behind every great man, there is a woman'? Doesn't this mean she exercises considerable power behind the scenes? Undoubtedly, women do exercise some measure of power, but what is perhaps more interesting is the manner in which this power is expressed. Men are considerably more direct in their modes of influence, women more indirect and subtle. Indirect expression of power is called manipulation. No wonder women are considered as shrewd and manipulative.

Two psychologists — Johnson and Goodchilds — were interested in knowing what modes of influence or control men and women adopt and the consequence of such modes. They simply asked a group of college males and females to respond to the title: 'How I get my way.' They found that men were more likely to be direct, assertive, to use verbally aggressive tactics or reasoned arguments to get their way.

Dilip wanted to pursue a post-graduate degree in management, his father wished him to continue with the engineering field. Dilip argued that having served in a leadership position in various college activities, he felt inclined towards management training and, besides, the scope was better. Dilip got his way. Women, Johnson and Goodchilds found, were more likely to bargain, deceive, pout, frown or cry to get their way.

Sona's parents wanted her to go to a home science college but she had her heart set on a commerce degree. She went around the house with a long face and refused to talk to anybody, her parents refused to succumb as they knew she would be back to her normal self in no time.

Evidently, the sexes traditionally differ in the kind of strategies they use to control and influence others. But **do these strategies work? Do they produce the results one seeks?** Female strategies, it turns out, are less effective than male strategies.

How do men and women feel about themselves after having used these approaches? Both sexes who used helpless, emotional messages had lower self-respect, whereas those who used direct messages based on reason and competence gained in self-respect.

To make matters worse, not only are female modes of control ineffective and unlikely to contribute anything towards feelings of well-being, but people do not appreciate such tactics.

But **then what is she to do?** Indirect power makes her ineffective, and decreases both her own self-respect and the respect shown to her by others, but expressing power directly brings her the label of being 'aggressive,' 'bitchy,' 'castrating' — in short, unfeminine. She is caught in a double bind. Now, **why do women depend on indirect power?** Partly, social scientists state, because of social sanctions against direct expression of power by women and partly because few women are in clear-cut positions of authority. Authority legitimises the expression of direct power. A woman as a mother is an authority figure and she can give direct orders to her children but this is limited to within the four walls of the home.

Two arguments have been put forward as to why men have more power in society than women. The historical one is based on the concept of physical strength. Men were hunters and brought home the daily hunks of meat. This, coupled with women's dependency during pregnancy and childbirth, gave men an edge over women. The trend continued despite the fact that physical strength has little or nothing to do with earning one's daily bread. A more cogent and contemporary theory is based on the concept of resources. The one who has resources to satisfy the other person's needs is more powerful. Two kinds of resources have been distinguished by Johnson — personal resources, more commonly found in women, are based on the giving or withdrawal of love, approval or sex, and concrete resour-

PEOPLE PLAY

ces, generally held by men. are based on money, knowledge, physical strength. In industrialised societies concrete resources are far more valued than personal resources and so the balance of power is tilted in favour of men. (It is obvious that this situation has not come to be naturally or by accident. It is part of the whole evolution of society, in which care has been taken to see that power is in the hands of certain people and not others — in this case, men and not women.)

The relation between resources and power has been examined by two sociologists — Robert Blood and Donald Wolf — within the context of husband and wife decision-making in American families. The two partners bring to marriage some resources. Thereafter, the partner that goes out into the community to tap dimensions relevant to the decision-making process assumes more power within the home.

The most pertinent resource is money. The husband is traditionally the one to be working, and the higher his income and the greater the prestige of his job, the more is his influence on economic decision-making. The wife's share in the decision-making depends on whether she participates in activities outside the home. Blood and Wolf found that a stay-at-home wife has the least influence in the family, next comes the wife who participates in voluntary community activities and a working wife is generally almost as crucial (though not always, as we are aware) as the husband in decision-making.

However, money is not the only resource one brings home. Active participation in a life not confined to the four walls of the home helps an individual develop skills relevant to decision-making — especially general knowledge and self-confidence. The way the situation exists now the odds are stacked in favour of men and women remain powerless in a personal area of their lives.

The study of power and the powerlessness of women within the home in oriental societies have not received much attention from social scientists. However, some insights are available from the work of Emily Ahern in 'The Power and Pollution of Chinese Women'. A Chinese woman is highly respected because of her power to bear offspring, especially sons. This power is also seen as a threat by the men of the family. The reason is simple. The Chinese ideal is a joint family system, which clashes with a young married woman's desire to establish her own nuclear family. Because of her helplessness she resorts to sorcery and black magic to sway her husband's feelings in her favour.

POWER HAS TRADITIONALLY BEEN CONCENTRATED IN THE HANDS OF MEN. EVEN WHEN WOMEN DO EXERCISE POWER, THEY ARE GENERALLY MORE INDIRECT AND SUBTLE IN THEIR METHODS THAN MEN, WHO TEND TO BE DIRECT. WHY DOES THIS TRADITIONAL DIFFERENCE EXIST, AND WHICH STRATEGY IS MORE LIKELY TO WORK?

Rehana Ghadially

In India, too, women practise witchcraft to accomplish their goals. It is also no wonder that women pray more often than men to invoke the power and favour of the gods.

Chinese women adopt other tactics as well to control the activities of men. They form loose social groups. While washing clothes or pulling water from the community well, these women talk. One of the topics of conversation is men — especially husbands or mothers-in-law. When a husband beats his wife or gambles too much, the women talk about it. This discontent eventually reaches the erring husband. In China, to be talked about is to lose face, to be socially ostracised, and no man wants this to happen to him. Women by virtue of being in subordinate positions exercise power surreptitiously. Direct expression of power is crucial for our effectiveness and well-being.

In some parts of the U.S.A. assertive-training programmes have been started, the purpose of which is to help women develop skills to express their feelings, beliefs and thoughts directly and frankly.

Wanting to control, direct, influence the lives of others have been the primary ingredient in the power exercised by men. Jean Baker Miller, in her book, 'Toward a New Psychology of Women,' argues that this power is destructive as it stunts the possibility of growth in the ones who are dominated.

Arun did not encourage his wife to take up her old job after their child had reached age four as this meant re-structuring life at home, an adjustment which Arun was reluctant to make.

Miller suggests that women need the power to advance their own development.

Miriam took up science as she had her heart set on becoming a doctor. In Inter Science she became engaged and her parents told her to settle for a B.Sc. degree instead. Miriam threatened to break off the engagement if she was not permitted to enter medical college.

To develop this power is no easy task, partly because, as Miller analyses, women fear their own power and men fear power in women. A woman who takes charge of directing her own life invokes the displeasure of men, she is labelled 'deviant' and 'unfeminine.' This is bound to put a brake on women's need for self-development. She feels selfish and guilty about regulating her own life because this means she is serving herself as opposed to serving others, the role for which she is trained.

Renuka has felt guilty of neglecting her family ever since she took up a teaching job. Men fear power in women because this would mean shaking up the support system which men have taken for granted and which exists for their benefit.

Women will have to overcome their inhibitions and intense need for security and men will have to be adjustable and flexible if the opportunities for self-enhancement are to reach everybody.

THE CAPITAL SCENE

Delhi has come in for a lot of bad publicity in recent times, particularly because of the crime situation. But there's more to the capital than bottom-pinchers and eve-teasers, roguish taxi drivers, incorrigible 'netas' and bureaucrats. Delhi in the coming season can compare with the best in Paris and Rome, say HUGH and COLLEEN GANTZER, setting out to prove their claim with a holiday guide to Delhi and its environs

There is a certain arrogance about capitals, and Delhi is no exception. Ask any Delhiwallah, and you'll be told that the vegetables in the capital are wonderful, the milk is superb, the monuments are terrific, the shopping is excellent, and the cultural life is so varied that no one need be bored from one year's end to the other.

It's all very annoying, of course. It's even more annoying because it's true.

Delhi in the late autumn, winter and early spring is a city which can compare with the best in Paris and Rome; and it's much cheaper than either of them, though it seems to be expensive if you're a total stranger. So we're going to concentrate on brief descriptions, browsing walks, budget shopping and snack dining. We shall give you some idea of the accommodation but it is generally quite prohibitively priced and overbooked at this season. But most of us know someone who knows someone who has accommodation in Delhi and that is, really, the most reliable way to ensure a roof over your head.

The first thing to do when you intend to visit Delhi is to get a good guide book. The best that we know of is the one produced by the India Tourism Development Corporation, but we have also learnt of a well-reviewed Delhi Guide produced by the Delhi Tourism Development Corporation entitled "A Legend that Lives" and sold for Rs. 6. If you're short of time, however, it's best to catch one of the conducted tours which give you a good general view of the capital and then, when you are less rushed later, you can choose your own area to explore at leisure.

Delhi, as it stands today, is two cities. Old Delhi which grew around the Red Fort and the Jumma Masjid: a complex maze of streets and lanes and alleys and shops and homes and lifestyles. And New Delhi, the imperial capital planned by Sir Edward Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker: quartered by two great roads, Janpath running from the two concentric circles of Connaught Place in the north to Prithviraj Road in the south, and Raj Path running from the war memorial of India Gate in the East to the magnificent rise of Raisina Hill crowned by Rashtrapati Bhavan in the West. And once you have got these reference points established, stand mentally in the centre of Connaught Place, look northwards to the top of your imaginary map and you will have Delhi University at 12 o'clock, and clockwise on the hours, the Red Fort, Shanti Vana, Kotla Feroza Shah, Purana Qila, Nizamuddin, Safdarjung Tomb, Qutub Minar, Palam Airport, Laxmi Narayan Temple, Ajmal

ABOVE: India on display: the border-guarding Camel Corps strides down Rajpath in the Republic Day Parade.

Khan Market, and, at 11 o'clock, Roshanara Gardens. The Jamuna enters the map at 3 minutes past twelve on the north, double curves like Lord Rama's bow, and flows out of the map at 5 o'clock, heading towards Agra. We've given this information for those travellers who like to know where they're going even before they get there. But if you are not cartographically minded — one of us is, one of us isn't — then you can always ask a Delhi policeman. Our experience has been that they are unfailingly polite to tourists.

And now let's get on with the tour. Most tours start at Connaught Circus and this is where we would like to begin.

Close to Connaught Circus is **Jantar Mantar,** a brick and plaster covered observatory built by Maharaja Jai Singh of Jaipur in 1719. It looks like a gigantic grouping of Calder stabiles. The enormous right-angled triangle standing in the centre is the Supreme Instrument, the Samrat Yantra: a monster sun-dial. The guide-lecturers attached to this monument are fairly good, but the guide books sold outside by hawkers were shoddy and inaccurate when we visited it last.

From there, on to **India Gate:** at one end of Raj Path it lists the names of the men of India's armed forces who lost their lives in World War I. Beneath it an eternal flame burns, guarded by personnel of the three services. Near it stands a most imaginative memorial to the Unknown Soldier — an automatic rifle crowned by a combat helmet which looks startingly like a sentry guarding the distant borders of India. The view up Raj Path, early on a misty winter morning is one of the world's greatest vistas: the die-straight road spears between green lawns, reflecting pools and deep groves of trees to the horizon-etched regality of the distant domes of Rashtrapati Bhavan. In the cool evening, the lawns of India Gate, gently illuminated from the reflection of the floodlit Memorial and its coloured fountains, is an excellent place to "eat the air."

Delhi's time-bridging monuments: a high-rise block seen between the blocked instruments of Jantar Mantar.

Also for strollers is the **Zoological Gardens:** backed by the walls of the Old Fort, the Purana Qila, among the best of their type in all India. The emphasis is on open enclosures and the presence of an influential, and knowledgeable, conservationist populace in Delhi ensures that it remains in excellent condition all the year round.

Not far from the Zoo is **Nizamuddin.** One of the most revered Muslim saints of India was Sheikh Nizamuddin Chisti who died in 1325 and was buried here. For those interested in Moghul architecture at its graceful best, a trip to Nizamuddin will be rewarding. Within a short compass you will find a baoli, or step well; the Dargah of the saint; the grave of Emperor Shah Jahan's favourite daughter, Jahanara who designed Chandni Chowk; the tomb of the great poet Amir Khusrau; the tomb of Ghalib; and a superb example of early Mughal architecture, the tomb of Atgab Khan. This area with its traditional Moghul atmosphere, is reputed to be an epicure's choice for pan and kebabs.

Due south of Connaught Place, a little after Janpath ends on meeting Prithviraj Road — 6 o'clock on our clock-face map — is the **Tomb of Safdarjang.** This is the last of the Moghul tombs we would like you to see on such a brief tour of Delhi because it was built in 1753-54 by Nawab Shia-ud-Daulah for his father who was the Prime Minister to Emperor Muhammed Shah. Compare this tomb with that of Afgab Khan and, if you have the time to see it, with the elegant tomb of Humayun which is across the road from the Dargah of Hazrat Nizamuddin. The soaring arches and finely balanced domes of the early Mughal period give way to a more boxy type of architecture: we got the impression that Safdarjang's Tomb was a four-square nawabi house from old Lucknow, with heavy mina-

Suraj Kund: the sacred tank of an ancient temple is now part of the landscaped grounds of one of Haryana's tourist complexes.

Photographs : Gantzer

rets attached to the corners and surmounted by a dome which had little unity with the rest of the building. Taste, obviously, declined with the fortunes of the Mughal Empire.

A long ride south now, down Sri Aurobindo Marg to the far-famed **Qutub Minar.** A monument to the Turkish invaders in the early 13th century, its construction was begun by Qutub-ud-din Aibak. A soldier-slave of Sultan Muhammed of Ghor, he proclaimed himself Sultan when Muhammed Ghori was assassinated in 1206. Alauddin Khilji also enlarged the monuments in this complex and both were said to have used materials picked up from ruined temples. For those interested in statistics, the Qutub Minar is 72.55 metres high, its base is 14.40 metres in diameter and it tapers to 2.44 metres at the top. The first three storeys are in red sandstone, the other two are of marble and sandstone. Thanks to its repeated use by frustrated lovers, the upper balconies are now cordoned off. In the courtyard of the Qutub is the famed rustless **Iron Pillar.** No one quite knows how old it is though some inscriptions on it, which could have been made long after its fabrication, have been dated to the 4th-5th century. No one knows how iron of such high purity was made with the, supposedly, crude technology of the ancients. Incidentally, if you can get your fingers to touch around the pillar, your wishes will be granted according to a local belief.

You will now have to return to Sri Aurobindo Marg, turn left as convenient, to take you past the Ashoka Hotel and Chanakyapuri where most of the embassies are and up past the back of Rashtrapati Bhavan and its beautiful **Mughal Gardens,** open to the public during February and March. Incidentally, if you decide to cut short your trip here you can circle round Rashtrapati Bhavan and turn left at Vijay Chowk, where they have the Republic Day Beating Retreat ceremony, and enter the grounds of the circular Parliament House. Your MP can give you a pass. You can also drive down Raj Path, turn right at the Raj Path-Jan Path crossing and visit the **National Museum.**

But if you decide to continue with the circular tour, we'd like to take you to the **Laxmi Narayan Temple.** A popular Delhi shrine, this was built in 1938 by industrialist Raja Baldeo Birla and is in the Orissa style faced with white marble and the red and yellow stone of Delhi. People of all faiths can enter and worship, but you must walk barefooted.

Swing up left, then, to get to **Ajmal Khan Market** in Karol Bagh where you can pick up bargains in most things... the Haryana Government's handloom shop, Weavers, has excellent furnishings at budget prices — if you give yourself time to browse.

Soaring colonnades guard th deep circular verandah of Parlia ment House.

The domes and arches of the beautiful Moti Masjid in the Red Fort.

And now drive up Rani Jhansi Marg and right down Shyamprashad Mukerjee Marg to the **Red Fort.** Shah Jahan started its construction in May 1639, and though it is garrisoned by the army today, it is open to visitors. And it is certainly well worth the visit: public audience chambers private audience chambers, the once-water-cooled apartments of the ladies overlooking the Jamuna, the Pearl Mosque. . . all speak of an age when the world marvelled at the glory of the Mughal Empire. And, if you have the time, return at night for the excellent **Sound and Light** show which captures the history of the Red Fort from the first jackal-haunted days of its founding, through the screaming pillage of Nadir Shah, to the trial of the INA Officers at the dusk of the British Empire. It is a stirring experience.

While in this area, wend your way down the Crossroads of Moonlight, Chandni Chowk: the heart of Old Delhi. Along these crowded streets, lanes and alleys you will encounter fierce Nihang warriors, sturdy Afghan money-lenders, opulent halwai-shop proprietors. . . the famed Paratha Lane is here, leading to the narrow alley of the zari merchants . . . and an entire line of shops specialising in old silver jewellery, authentic and otherwise. Delectable, though not aseptic, snacks can also be had in the little establishments that cluster around the famed **Jumma Masjid,** a ten-minute scooter-rickshaw drive away because the traffic is so heavy. And then, if you head towards the Jamuna and drive down Mahatma Gandhi Marg, you can visit **Raj Ghat** where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated and **Shanti Vana,** where Jawaharlal Nehru was cremated and which is now being planted as a Forest of Peace.

Turn right and take any of the radial roads leading to Connaught Place for a standing snack at **Narula's Snack Bar:** tables for standees only, super-quick service, budget conscious snacks. Around the corner for a splurge of ice-creams at **Narula's Ice Cream** Parlour, a stroll down Janpath for quick **garment buys** mostly informals, and then across to Baba Kharak Singh Marg for **souvenir shopping** from all over India: the road is arrayed with the emporia of most of the states of India.

The choice of the evening's entertainment is up to you—movies, theatre, art exhibitions, craft, lectures, dance. Delhi is culture-rich in winter with its own talents considerably augmented by visitors from other states and other nations. An excellent little publication is **Delhi Diary** to keep you au fait with the cultural scene, but keep your eye on the local listings in the newspapers as well.

As for festivals: Delhi is alive with them in the winter. Dussehra on the Ram Leela Ground between Old Delhi and New enormous effigies of Ravana stuffed with fireworks, are burnt in October. Urs of Hazrat Nizamuddin Aulia — qawwalis, kab

abs and halva in November/ December. The Chrysanthemum Show at he YWCA, Ashoka Road — flowers, food, jumble sale, raffles, lucky tickets, in December. Republic Day — magnificent march past and fly past, pageantry, on January 26. Folk Dance Festival — teams from all over India on January 27/28. Beating the Retreat — massed bands of the three services at sunset on Vijay Chowk backed by the great buildings on Raisina Hill on January 28/29. Delhi Rose Show — the best of Delhi's traditional Mughal blooms at Safdarjang's Tomb in January. The Delhi Flower Show — flowers from the height of the season in Delhi and also flown from all over the world by airlines; food, entertainment on sloping lawns just outside Purana Qila in February. Delhi Horse Show — spectacular show jumping and riding organised by the Army just outside Red Fort in February.

And if all these festivals exhaust you, you can flee from Delhi to the imaginative hideaways of the Haryana Government. Built especially for highway travellers, these tourist complexes offer a wide spectrum of services to suit most budgets Here are brief descriptions of the three closest to the capital.

Suraj Kund, built overlooking an ancient temple-lake, offers a motel, golf, campers' huts and picnic grounds; **Badkhal,** one of their biggest complexes, spreads on the shores of a large lake and has, in addition to a range of accommodation, two restaurants, campers' huts, boating, angling and steam and sauna baths with trained masseurs. A little off the Delhi-Jaipur road is **Sultanpur Jheel,** a waterbird sanctuary discovered by world-famous ornithologist Peter Jackson. A tourist bungalow, restaurant, campers' huts, and observation hides and a watch-tower on a tree make this a fascinating stopover for nature lovers. . . they even have binoculars for keen bird watchers. Sultanpur's foreign visitors include greylag and bar-headed geese, flamingoes, pelicans and demoiselle cranes. And most of the embassy folk from Delhi.

And then, when you've turned off bird watching, you can make trips to Rajasthan, Punjab. Himachal and U.P.

But all that, as we travel writers cannily say, is another story.

TRAVEL DATA

Best Season: October to March — Winter.

Airport: Yes.

Rail: Yes.

Road: Agra — 203 km: Amritsar via Ambala — 447 km; Chandigarh via Ambala — 238 km; Srinagar via Ambala — 876 km.

Accommodation: Hotel Maurya Sheraton — A/C S Rs. 450, D Rs. 540, to Sunny Guest House — Non A/C S Rs. 25, D 35. Also dharamshalas, and paying guest accommodation.

Clothes: Woollens, particularly for the early mornings, evenings and nights.

Places of Interest:

Monuments — Qutub Minar, Safdarjang's Tomb, Humayun's Tomb, Dargah Hazrat Nizamuddin Aulia, Lodhi Tombs, Purana Qila, Ferozeshah Kotla — all open from sunrise to sunset. Jantar Mantar Observatory — Sunrise to 2200 hrs. Red Fort — Sunrise to 1700 hrs.

Zoological Park — Summer: 8 to 6.30 p.m.; Winter: 9 to 5 p.m. Closed on Fridays.

India Gate, Rashtrapati Bhavan and Central Secretariat, Parliament House, Lakshmi Narayan Temple, Rajghat, Shanti Vana — sunrise to sunset.

Museums — National Museum — 10 to 5 except Mondays. National Gallery of Modern Art — 10 to 5 except Mondays.

Red Fort Museum inside Fort — 9 to 7.

Nehru Dolls Museum — 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Air Force Museum — 10 to 1 & 3 to 6 except Mondays. Rail Transport Museum — 8.30 to 11.30 & 4 to 7.30 (Apr. to Jun) and 10.30 to 5.20 (July to March) except Mondays. Nehru Memorial Museum — 9 to 1 and 2 to 5 except Mondays. National Philatelic Museum — 10.30 to 1.30 and 2 to 5 p.m. The Crafts Museum 9.30 to 4.30 closed on national holidays. National Museum of Natural History — 10 to 7 except Mondays.

Son et Lumiere at Red Fort: Covers period 1648 to 1947. First show after sunset in Hindi, second in English — Tickets Rs. 3 & Rs. 5. Booking: ITDC Transport Division, L Block, Connaught Place; Ashok, Akbar and Janpath Hotels and before show.

Coach Tours of City: ITDC daily trips — 9.15 to 4.10 — tickets for the whole day Rs. 15; either morning or afternoon Rs. 8 Delhi Tourism daily trips — 8.45 to 5.55 tickets for whole day Rs. 14 — morning Rs. 8, afternoon Rs. 7.

Shopping: Handicrafts, fabrics, jewellery from all over India at the state emporiums on Baba Kharak Singh Marg. Readymade garments, costume jewellery and Tibetan artifacts at Janpath. Silver jewellery at Chandni Chowk. Karol Bagh market, open on Sundays, offers you a wide choice of goods and is easy on your purse.

Excursions: Suraj Kund — 18 km.; has the Sun Bird Restaurant and motel accommodation: from Deluxe A/C suite Rs. 175 to campers' huts Rs. 15 each.

Badkhal Lake — 32 km; has Mayur and Grey Falcon Restaurants and motel accommodation A/C Suite Rs. 175 to Campers' Huts at Rs. 15. Also A/C Minivet Huts Rs. 250. Sultanpur Bird Sanctuary — 46 km. has Rosy Pelican Restaurant and motel accommodation: A/C Rooms Rs. 80 to campers' huts Rs. 15.

For further Information contact: Delhi Tourism Development Corporation, 'N' Block, Bombay Life Building, Connaught Circus, New Delhi 110001.

Project Officer, Haryana Govt Tourist Bureau, Chandralok Bldg., 36, Janpath, New Delhi 110001.

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A VILLAGE LIVES AGAIN

WOMEN ORGANISING THEMSELVES EFFECTIVELY HAS MEANT A BETTER LIFE FOR THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE

Shahnaz Anklesaria

It is a beautiful part of the world. Sparkling green country with undulating hills and a gently flowing river — the scene is not dramatic enough for a calendar print, but as you look around, your thoughts gradually cease churning and a delicious Keatsian numbness takes over. In the silence, a moment of eternity is captured.

All this just five hours away from cacophonous, grimy Bombay. Yet village Ladivili, outside Karjat town seems centuries apart with its mud huts and stony pathways, lost in the verdant hills. Within the village however, there is little beauty. Rural India — that vast region sprawled outside our urban doorstep — is encapsulated in Ladivili. All the evils of feudalism and backwardness were to be found here. The entire village was owned by one family, whose descendant is now the local politician. The "going price" for a bridegroom ranges from Rs. 600 to Rs. 5000, going as high as Rs. 6000 if he has a job in Bombay. The villagers are Marathas. At local events the women sit in the background huddled together, giggling into their pallavs. Male promiscuity is an accepted fact.

It is here that the story of KARMA began. Mr. N. S. Rao, Chairman of Pest Control, India, gathered around him a team of enthusiastic workers and together they launched the Karjat Agriculture Rural Management Assistance (KARMA) scheme.

The emphasis of this rural development project is on change. And change that comes with the individual's growth, through her questioning social restrictions and economic bonds. Woman is seen as the harbinger of change in her home and community. At present, KARMA has established a balwadi and Mahila Mandal in Ladivili and a child education centre for training balwadi teachers who are now teaching in 38 villages. KARMA's own workers have spread from Ladivili to a tribal block of 17 wadis called Patras and beyond into the virtually inaccessible villages of Kondivade at the foothills of the Khandala hills.

Anyone who thinks the illiterate village woman is a simpleton who can be easily persuaded, is mistaken. Shrewd and observant, she makes you earn her respect — only then will she listen to what you have to say. The process of winning the women's confidence and organising them was a long one for the KARMA workers.

Dr. Patricia Gokhale, the young and vivacious Project Manager of KARMA, cheerfully recounted their past mistakes. The project started off with providing loan assistance to the farmers. Emancipation of women was not its initial priority. Most farmers in Ladivili were neck deep in debt. For seven years their crops had been affected by the stem borer, a plant pest, and they had to borrow money from every source to survive. Seventy per cent of the village land was leased out to the village moneylender who would cultivate it and take the profits as loan repayment. The villagers worked in Karjat as coolies, others went to neighbouring towns as casual labourers. Their illiteracy was thoroughly exploited.

KARMA gave easily repayable loans to the villagers in the form of seeds, fertilisers, pesticides, ploughing equipment. It cost them about Rs. 35,000. But in just one season the farmer raised his paddy output from five quintals per acre to 15 and paid back to KARMA most of what he had borrowed.

What also developed, unfortunately, was a "dependency" culture. KARMA, the villagers thought, had adopted them. "This concept is an insult to the dignity of the villager," said Patricia. "Adoption means we have to do everything for the person. The villager has to learn to be self-dependent. He needs to fight for what is his right." The villagers were encouraged to come together, discuss and identify their problems. KARMA began now to liaison when necessary, between them and the various official agencies like the banks, the panchayat and the health centre.

The project workers began to consider fresh areas of activity.

Trainees at the child education centre. ABOVE : Adivasi women are active organisers in the village.

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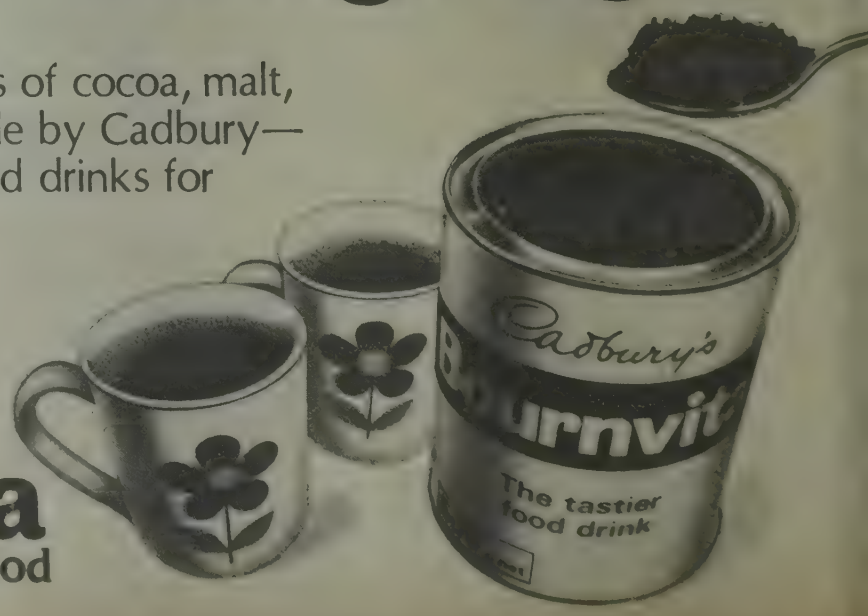

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A VILLAGE LIVES AGAIN

Just then they discovered a young woman, Vijaya Wagh, who had worked for three years with the Kasturba Gandhi Trust as a balwadi teacher and trainer. Vijaya was invited to start a balwadi in Ladivili.

"We realised that through children, we could reach the mother and through her the entire village," said Patricia. One of the women, the village "moushi" offered her hut. One of its two rooms was brightened up with hand-made charts and pictures. Pest Control gave the grants for the children's uniforms and the initial expenses.

Slowly the children started coming. They were taught through song and dance — and enjoyed every minute of it. Vijaya would talk to the mothers as they gathered around the hut. A small group of women got together and decided to save a total of Rs. 10 each month to put into a joint kitty. And a Mahila Mandal was born.

Today it has a membership of 30 women. Their painful experience as debtors is still alive in their minds and the women are now learning how to operate savings accounts in the local banks. During harvest the women decided to put aside ten kilos of rice each. Some of it was loaned to women whose crops had failed — under the assurance that the latter would return double the amount at the next harvest. The remainder was sold and the amount invested in the Mandal's bank account.

The women developed a new sense of confidence in their own potentiality. Some went out to Karjat, bought a number of condiments in bulk and sold them to the women at home at a tiny profit. This developed into a co-operative grocery shop. Profits were invested in another Mandal account. The women show you their two pass books with a quiet pride.

Twenty-four women have had the courage to apply for loans from the bank for buying poultry, and others want to go in for dairying. Money from a sale of donated old clothes was used to buy cloth for making a mandap in the village. Earlier, for marriages and other local functions mandaps were hired from Karjat. Now the Mahila Mandal hires out the mandap to the village when required. Two village girls were selected and sent for training to the National Adult Education Centre at nearby Khapoli. They now conduct two adult education classes.

"A blind faith in Providence and in our culture is the biggest hurdle before Indian women," Vijaya said. As the women come together at Mandal meetings, issues are discussed. They have now begun to question the institution of dowry. Wife beating is being challenged. Men in the village now face questioning wives. This has irked some of the older generation. But as these women are now contributing to their personal and village economy, the men cannot do more than grumble.

At present, an artist from Delhi is training KARMA workers in the use of multi-media communication aids, like puppets, for social education. Six villagers, including women, are a part of this training workshop and it is hoped that one or two will emerge as core trainers for future programmes.

One day, on the local train to Karjat, the gram sevika of Karjat asked Patricia to conduct a short refresher course for the town's balwadi teachers. It was a success. This gave KARMA the idea of organising a child education centre where women could be invited from the nearby villages for training as balwadi teachers and organisers of Mahila Mandals in their own areas. Thus new ideas could reach villages where KARMA's own workers could not be sent.

The idea was an immediate success. Women who would not have bothered to come for training as community workers, came for training in a profession they respected — teaching. Nineteen women, mostly wives and sisters of local school teachers, came for the first course. Of nine months' duration, the first two months of the course were spent in the classroom. Vijaya gave lessons in pre-school education and child psychology, Patricia in inter-personal relationships. Chaya Namduskar, another KARMA worker who lived in Karjat, taught sociology. Existing Government facilities were fully used. The Food Department and Nutritional Board sent lecturers to discuss nutritional aspects and medical officers from the public health centers discussed basic immunisation facilities.

It was constantly emphasised that the trainees are not just balwadi teachers but women organisers and that women had to be responsible for all the development aspects in the village like sanitation and health. "We did not use any book jargon or theoretical concepts. Instead, we encouraged them to talk about how they brought up their own children and discussed the effects of various traditions," said Patricia. They were told about recent national events like the Bagpat rape case and the Forum Against Rape. They concluded that women must come together if their lives were to change.

Once back in their villages, the trainees started their own balwadis and had to return to base one day each week for seven months to exchange notes. KARMA workers go out each week to inspect the balwadis' functioning. Mahila Mandals are also being organised.

What makes the entire KARMA project refreshingly different from many others is the freedom the project workers have to experiment at every stage. None are constrained by "policy decisions" or by having to operate according to any one ideology. Mistakes are made, assessed and corrected. This is the best training for the work they have undertaken.

Village children participating in an on-the-spot painting competition.

PATRICIA GOKHALE

HIGHLIGHTING RURAL PROBLEMS

At 31 Patricia Gokhale, Project Manager of KARMA, is responsible for the future of hundreds of poor and illiterate people — many of whom trust her implicitly. Yet what strikes you about Patricia is her buoyancy. Although she is expecting her

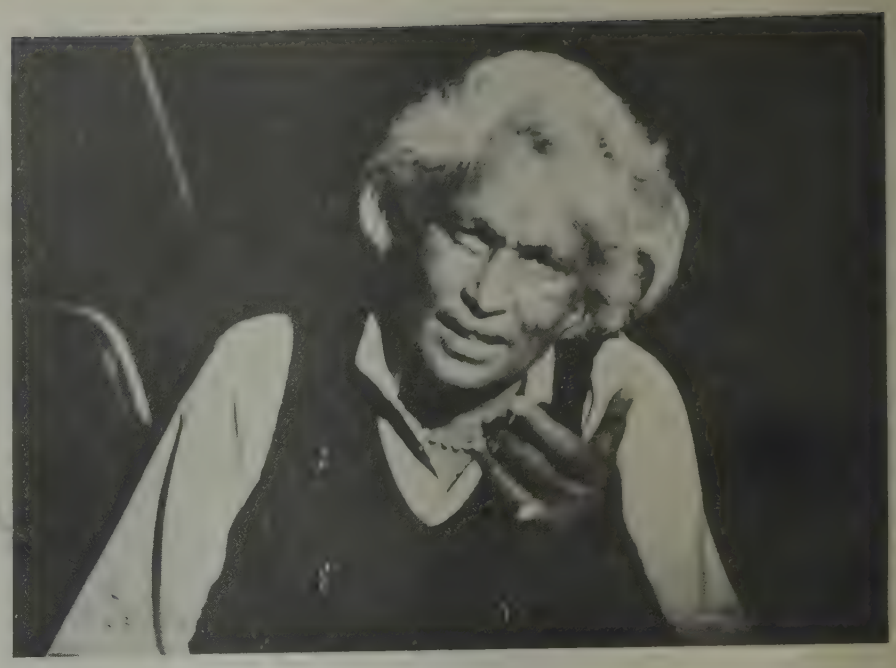
second child in November, she hops in and out of crowded trains, trudges along rocky and slippery paths, walks for miles to villages unconnected by road or rail. And all this with a cheerful nonchalance that is quite different from the "I am doing my duty" air that many 'social service' workers assume.

"People like myself have enjoyed the fruits of development for very long. This won't be tolerated much longer. Actually I'm doing this work for my own safety," she says.

The first time Patricia saw a village was when she went for a holiday to a friend's farm in Ratnagiri. "I had the romantic feeling of 'roughing it out' of 'going rural'. I had no idea of development or village problems then," she recalls.

Her doctoral thesis however, brought her in direct contact with the rural mind. The purpose of her research was to determine whether people from both urban and rural backgrounds

WOMEN IN FOCUS



HIMA DEVI

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

This year the Hima Kala Kendra, a well known cultural organisation in Bombay celebrated its Silver Jubilee. A dance drama, written by Hima Devi, inspired by a prayer, "The ideal child" by the Mother of the Aurobindo Ashram was staged in the presence of Mrs. Indira Gandhi and other distinguished spectators.

Hima Devi, is a familiar figure to art and theatre lovers in Bombay. Hailing from a family steeped in the ancient culture of India, Hima Devi was educated in England and got her L.R.A.M. from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, London. Back in India, she trained exclusively in Indian dancing. She then toured all over the world, where her performances won her kudos and finally returned to India to set up the Hima Kala Kendra, in 1954.

The Hima Kala Kendra, is an institution which gives intensive training in dramatics, speech and dance and its main aim is to train the young to express themselves in these forms, with joy and abandon, unhampered by rigid codes of styles and schools. The training in the Kala Kendra, lasts nearly 15 years and "the student emerges as a complete, mature and balanced individual, who can face praise and adverse criticism alike and distinguish between flattery and genuine praise."

Comfortably squatting on the carpet, Hima Devi talked about art, children, the position of women, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, patronage, the sorry state of art in India, and many other interesting topics. I kept my pen idle, and listened to her measured tones, faultless enunciation, and happy turn of phrase. It was like a short intensive training in speech, drama and creative art!

"Art is the very nerve ends of our country," says Hima Devi with the fervour of one who has dedicated her life to it. "I was a little girl of 7 or 8 years when I saw Anna Pavlova perform in India. I was inspired by her performance and this sparked off the latent artist in me. I firmly believe in the 'karma' theory of the Gita. In each one of us, there is a sense of the past. An artist thus carries within himself a seed of the past which bursts forth into fruit, with inspiration and, later, application.

"I don't believe in restricting art to narrow boundaries of set patterns," continues Hima Devi. "There should be a happy blending of various styles and forms and only then can art really express one's feelings. Aren't we all a product of the mixture of cultures? Why not extend this to art also? We make art a museum piece, set in a kind of rigid code. An artist should have courage and initiative and evolve new forms challenging the greatness of the past. Are we always to bask in the glory of the age old arts? We must project the changing world in art forms also. This can be done only if the artist is freed from the fetters of commercialisation or interference and fear of social ostracism. An artist must be allowed to express what he or she feels intensely. This is possible only if there is enlightened patronage."

The unique feature of Hima Devi's production is the happy combination of various dance forms of the East and West, woven into a rhythmic whole set to music, again of both the West and the East.

"The Rise of the Ideal Child" has been one of Hima Devi's greatest triumphs. In this she has been able to express all her own ideals, and it is but natural that the future builders of the country, should be the protagonists in the venture. She attributes the success of this brain child of hers, to enlightened patronge, especially that of Pan and Piroja Narielwalla who stood by her throughout. "But nothing could be achieved without the wholehearted dedication of my students," says Hima Devi.

Chaya Srivatsa

HIGHLIGHTING RURAL PROBLEMS

stand equal chances of success in the procedures used for selecting officers in nationalised banks. Her conclusion: the tests were completely in favour of urban, English speaking, upper middle class people. The rural person just did not have a chance.

She travelled a lot, working in drought prone areas, organising farmers' service societies, all the while being exposed to a life style totally different from her own. In November 1977 she joined KARMA.

What are her impressions of the attitudes of people in urban India?

What strikes her most she says is the total ignorance of urban youth about the problems of poverty. Rural India is virtually unknown to them and few know anything even about the slums at their doorsteps. In schools and colleges the problems of developing countries and the issues of poverty are never discussed. "Young people must realise they are the privileged sector. This doesn't mean they have to rush off to work in rural areas and slums. They can start by understanding the problems of their servants," she states. People employ eight or nine year old children to work in their homes but see them simply as "servants" who must carry the ration loads or the school bags of their own children.

Housewives, she maintains could be much more involved in consumer forums. If, for instance, a group of women from one building decided to buy from the producer directly, eliminating the middle man, they would get food of a good quality at a cheaper price. "If the housewife, who complains against high prices is aware of the system of marketing, she could help the farmer and herself by refusing to pay the middle man," she says.

The child of Catholic parents, Patricia has married a Maharashtrian Brahmin. The fundamental issue in such marriages, she stresses, is to accept the other partner as an individual and genuinely respect a different culture. But she warns women not to rush into mixed marriages in a spirit of rebellion against social norms. Her children will decide what faith they wish to belong to when they are of age.

The Indian urban woman, she asserts, defeats the cause of women in the way she brings up her daughter. "She is always given lesser importance even in terms of food," she says. She knows families who, because of financial contraints, have sent their daughters to vernacular schools so that the sons can be sent to English medium ones. If the son and daughter are both reading and help is needed in the kitchen, it is automatically presumed that the girl must leave her book and help. Some years later, the son will make the same demands on his wife.

In addition to her existing workload, Patricia is working for a law degree. She wants to study land reform and fight the cases of the villagers she works with.

S. A.

'Tissue' temptations in 100% polyester

Garden

THE STORY SO FAR. . .

With a middling M.A behind her, Radhika was undecided about the future, when it suddenly dawned on her that the first thing to do, of course, was to get married and then think of a career, for a woman could never really get power outside the home and family. Her engagement to Ghanshyam, who was rich and goodlooking but rather dull, was temporarily interrupted by a letter from her brother-in-law Anand asking her to come and stay with them as he was worried about her sister Shanti's health. Radhika decided to go.

NOW READ ON. . .

I'd visited Akka and Anand in nearly all the places they'd lived in since they got married. This could have been any one of the large government industrial undertakings, and all their townships are depressingly alike. . . planted in the middle of nowhere, with a miserably pathetic air of not belonging. So are the rows of houses, all exactly alike. with a bedroom more or less, depending on your salary. Inside they are even worse, unimaginatively conceived, sloppily built and crudely finished. What shocked me this time was how little Akka had bothered about her house. It was neither dirty, nor untidy, but somehow uncared for.

It was not the house, though. that took up all my attention at first. It was Akka herself. She had come home two years back, when Sangeeta had been so ill. Geetu had died in hospital soon after, and Akka had gone back immediately. Geetu's death. . . she had been scarcely six. . . had been a terrible blow to us, but when I saw what it had done to Akka, it really shook me up. She looked. . . bruised is the word. There was little of youth left in her. She's only 33, I had to remind myself.

"Don't stand there, Radhu, staring at me as if I'm a ghost," she said with a touch of her old asperity. "Come in. Where's Anand? I'm really annoyed, Radhu. You needn't have come rushing because Anand wrote you a lot of rot. I can't forgive him for dragging you away. . . at such a time. How is he. . . Ghanshyam, I mean?"

A smile touched her lips and it was Akka after all. She seemed to be all right.

And yet Anand had said to me on the way home, "I'm horribly anxious about Shanti, Radhu. I hope you can do something for her. I've failed." He held his hands out in a gesture of helplessness and stared into his palms. "She suffers. she won't admit she's suffering, she won't even see a doctor. She drugs herself, instead. Oh, all kinds of things, pain-killers, sedatives . . It seems to me she hasn't stopped grieving over Geetu. And then. . ."

PART TWO

ships that pass

SHASHI DESHPANDE

"And then what?" I asked as the silence went on.

"Oh, let's drop it for now."

I was hoping he'd pick up the thread some time, but at home he went back to his usual brotherly chaffing. "Does Ghanshyam like seeing females in trousers, Radhu? I hate it. I like to see a woman in a saree. What grace it gives the walk. And those deft gestures with which she adjusts it. . . If you were my wife, I'd beat you and make you wear sarees. Is Ghanshyam up to the caveman stuff?"

"I dan't know," I grinned. "I only know he smells delicious. As if he bathes three times a day. . . (A bit of our dialogue : He: I'm a fastidious man, you know. Me: Er. . .ah. . .that's nice . . .I mean. . .) changes into fresn clothes each time and douses himself with Old Spice."

"Three times a day! Listen to that, you smelly old Ravi."

Ravi was no longer the chubby ten-year-old I'd seen last time. He seemed more self-sufficient and self-contained than a boy of his age should be. The only reassuring thing about him was his cricket craze. He played cricket by himself whenever he could, holding the bat and making a variety of strokes to an imaginary ball, occasionally holding the pose and looking down at himself, as if to make sure his stance was right. This apart, he seemed remote and aloof, though there were occasional outbursts that suggested an unnatural, frighteneing repression. He'd moved closer to Anand now.

The day after my arrival, Akka and I were relaxing in what they called the "sit-out," when I remembered the vision I so often conjured up when in the midst of Bombay's cacophonous streets. Peace and quite. People sitting round a tea table. Cane chairs that hold your body gently. Potted plants and a trellised veranda. A whisper of a breeze, bringing with it a medley of fragrances. Now, here we were, Akka and I, in a situation that so closely resembled my dream.

Yet it seemed in some way a travesty of that situation, everything exaggerated to the point of burlesque. So that it seemed, not peaceful, but deadly dull. And the silence between us, not tranquil, but awkward. And a nebulous feeling I was trying to pin down and label when a car stopped at the gate. It was an old Fiat. A man got out, opened the gate and came straight to us. He smiled at me, ignoring Akka. "Well," he said, "so you're here." Seeing my blank face, he went on, "Don't you remember me at all?"

Akka gave a small laugh. "How do you expect her to? She must have been six or seven when she saw you last. Radhu, this is K.S Ram Mohan. . . just call him Raman like we all do. He was our neighbour in our Dadar flat for umpteen years, and now he's the Chief Medical Officer here He's an M.D., M.R.C.P and all the letters of the alphabet, really. God knows why he's come to this Godforsaken place."

I couldn't, I really couldn't call him Raman I thought wildly as he sat down. Immediately he began to smoke a pipe, and laconic and imperturbable, seemed almost like a parody of an Englishman, a sort of caricatured Brown Sahib. Yet there was no feeling of any deliberate attempt at any effect. On the contrary, he had an air of ease and comfort about him. For the rest, a middle aged man. . . forty?. . with a dignified and reserved manner.

"And this," Akka went on, listless now, "is my sister."

"Radhika. Shanti's little sister Radhika."

"Imagine naming me Radhika," I said angrily. "It's such a cov, simpering, feminine name . . .all tinkling anklets and billowing veils, rivers, clouds, waiting lovers and all that. Doesn't suit me a bit. Why can't parents wait to see what sort of a personality the child is going to have before naming it?"

"With some children, it could mean a waiting till eternity," he said and smiled. The smile was that of an adult humouring a child. God, how young he made me feel! Young and gauche and crude and silly. Why was I being so over-emphatic about my name? While Akka sat there silent, not needing to talk, not needing to make an effect at all. But why was I raging against poor Akka? Just because he'd said, "Shanti's little sister"?

"You were three months when Amma gave you the name," Akka said.

"I know. Two weeks, think of that, I missed it by just two weeks. the distinction of being a posthumous child."

"Really, Raman, I must apologise for my sister."

"You needn't. I know her. Do you remember the Dadar place at all?"

"Only that I sobbed my heart out when leaving it. Actually I think I was feeling sorry for the house for having to do without me."

He laughed and Akka said, rather peevishly I thought, "When were you so sentimental? I remember you as a tough kid."

"And what did you know obout me, big sister?" I mocked. "Thank God, you don't. I'd always thought it horribly unfair as a child that the fairy tale rule of the youngest being the most beautiful was not observed in our case. To be Cinderella without good looks. . . what did that make of the story? And where would the ugly sisters be without their envy? Or was it their envy that made them ugly?

At night I asked Akka, "Is he married?"

"Who? Raman? Was married. He's divorced. Actually, she died soon after the divorce. Breast cancer, I think."

"Do you have any designs on him, Radhu?" Anand asked.

"Who? Him? That old man?"

"He isn't old." Akka's voice was weary. "Really, Radhu, when will you grow out of your adolescent attitudes?"

"Does he look after you?" asked her casually.

"No, no doctors for me, ever. He comes as a friend, not a doctor."

He came "as a friend" almost every day, at odd times, "whenever I get time off," as he said. I had a strange sense of bewilderment, of being lost between him and Akka. They didn't speak much to each other, yet I had

the feeling of a great intimacy between them. I was ashamed of my thoughts, angry with Akka, with myself... oh, so many confused things. All in all, I had moved far from that girl who had, when crossing the road, so sensibly come to a decision about her future. A decision that had led me straight... well, almost...to Ghanshyam. Now Ghanshyam had unaccountably become a poor ghost. His face, his features, his very name had become a blur. And not just Ghanshyam, but even the girl who was to marry him — poised, elegant, suave — seemed to have vanished as well. Instead there was this awkward, prickly adolescent over-reacting to things. Like the time a neighbour said when Akka introduced me as "my sister," "Oh, I'd have known her anywhere. Looks just like you."

"What a blatant liar!" I said sourly later. "It's hell being a younger sister, anyway. One is always a copy, a replica..."

Ram Mohan, who was there, laughed. "You, a replica, a copy! You're an absolute original. aren't you really?"

When he laughs, I thought, you can see how he looked when he was young.

"You have a thing about older sisters, haven't you?" Akka spoke lazily. "I can remember you gloating over the fate of the ugly sisters."

"I suppose that's because you were a pretty hellish sister yourself," I retorted. "I remember your telling me... 'You were born and Baba died.' For long, I connected the two and felt guilty."

Akka giggled, a curiously girlish giggle. "Did I say that? I can only remember you as a howling, stamping-in-a-rage kid. And Amma saying, 'Let her, she's small.' I thought you were the most detestable kid on earth."

"Not any longer, is she?" And he smiled, not at me, but at Akka who smiled back. And I felt as if I was four again and about two feet high.

But there were times when he effortlessly erased the years between us. Like the day he asked me, "How do you find Shanti?"

"She seems all right."

"And yet there are days when she can't move, can't hold a cup in her hands."

I looked at him blankly. "And you're a doctor. Why don't you do something for her?"

He did not reply to this. Instead he went on, speaking softly, as if to himself. "I remember her as a girl. She had something... I suppose it'll sound banal if I call it freshness, but that's the only word. Even in her teens, she never had the clumsiness of an adolescent."

YOU CAN NEVER LAY GHOSTS, CAN YOU? STAMP THEM DOWN, PUSH THEM IN, SHOVEL EARTH ON THEM... BUT THERE THEY ARE, SPRINGING UP AT YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN

"You talk as if you're in love with her." My voice came out flat. He looked up, as if only now seeing me, and said in a startled kind of way, "Do you know, it's curious. When I was a young man and she was a girl I scarcely noticed her. She was just there, with Anand always somewhere around. But now.. I find myself eagerly waiting for some traces of that girl, some mannerism of the old Shanti... I should say young Shanti...to appear. It's tantalising, you know. Sometimes I get a brief glimpse of her and suddenly she disappears."

Oh hell, oh hell, oh hell, you can never lay ghosts, can you? Stamp them down, push them in, shovel earth on them, mutter prayers over them... but there they are, springing up at you again and again. I don't know what I'd have said or done then if Akka hadn't come in. She had just washed her hair and had a towel wrapped round her head. Under that turban, her face looked small and pinched, somehow pathetic.

"What are you two discussing so seriously?" she asked.

"We were discussing... what was it, Radhika? Yes, we were talking of love."

"Love!" I wish I could describe her voice when she said the word. For some reason it brought back a vivid memory, one I'd never known until then was with me, of Akka laughing and saying, "We're engaged, Radhu, Anand and I. Know what that means?"

Now, all the doubts, all the unpleasant thoughts that had been hovering over me all these days, came upon me in a swarm, darkening my vision. I could ignore it no longer, the way things were between Akka and Anand.

Anand was rarely at home. He left early in the morning, came late at night. His excuses of "too much work, we're in the last phase," were accepted by Akka with equanimity, if not indifference. Well, for a couple married fourteen years, a little indifference is permissible. But what happened on that Sunday evening was a different matter entirely.

We were sitting in a kind of after-Sunday-lunch-and-nap stupor, when Anand who had been playing cricket with Ravi breezed in saying, "Tea, tea, tea time, isn't it?" As I got up reluctantly, mumbling, "Shall I...?" he pushed me back into my chair. "No, don't. My turn today. Every Sunday evening, my turn to make the tea."

We sat in silence until Anand came back with a loaded tray. He set it down and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Ram Mohan, who had also been out with Ravi, joined us now.

"Ah, Raman, just in time." Anand poured out the tea, Akka's first, and handed round the cups. He was just beginning on his own when the phone rang. "Oh blast!" he said and stood frowning, undecided. Then he briskly walked out of the room. Akka, who had been lying langorously still till then, now sat up. Her face was entirely different. "Do me a favour, Radhu," she said. "Pour this out of the window."

I stared at her blankly, not understanding. She frowned in irritation. "Quick, pour it out." I still hesitated.

"Please," she said with a terrible urgency. I now did what she wanted. She gave an almost audible sigh of relief. We could hear Anand's voice on the phone. Then she said. "The fact is, I don't really like Anand's tea. I don't like to hurt his feelings, either." Neither of us said a word.

Anand came back. He glanced at Akka. "Finished your tea so fast?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," she said. She gave me a warning look and I saw Anand looking dubiously at us. And Ram Mohan watching all of us. Suddenly I was frightened.

To be continued

Nothing makes a woman more memorable
than her own natural style
We know your style
BINNY
Sarees

THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
HE'S RIGHT... BEING A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN IS LIKE BEING PRESIDENT OF YOUR OWN CORPORATION!
DOOR-TO-DOOR SALES
YOU'RE NOT ANYBODY'S FLUNKY— YOU ARE YOUR OWN BOSS!
AND THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS JOB!
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SALES
WHATEVER JUNK YOU'RE SELLING I DON'T WANT ANY!
SLAM!
BEING YOUR OWN BOSS HAS OTHER ADVANTAGES, TOO...
11-25
BOSS - I QUIT!
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Say, Dad, remember that story you told me about when you were expelled from college?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking, Dad, how true it is that history repeats itself."

* * *

"What was the subject of your debate this evening?"

"Whisky."

"Was it well discussed?"

"Yes. Most of the members were full of the subject."

* * *

"Are your neighbours honest?" the old Negro was asked.

"Yassir, dey is."

"But you keep the loaded shotgun near your hen coop."

"Yes. That's to keep them honest."

* * *

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted?

Because it is unlawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

* * *

"Madam," said the ticket examiner, "you cannot travel first class with a third class ticket."

"But I'm one of the director's wives," she protested.

"You couldn't do it, madam," he rejoined, "if you were the director's only wife."

Manager: "The lady holds a lump of sugar between her lips, and the lion will take it between his teeth. Now, I offer a thousand rupees to any member of the audience who will perform this trick."

Voice (from audience): "Right. I'll do it as soon as you get that damned lion out of there."

* * *

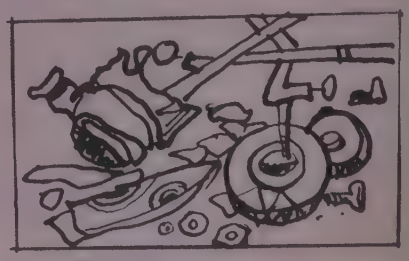
A daily newspaper in Nice recently contained the following advertisement: "Millionaire, young, good-looking, wishes to meet, with a view to marriage, a girl like the heroine in Margaret Dubey's novel, 'The Good Die Young'."

Within 24 hours the novel was sold out.

* * *

One of Hollywood's most married young men met a young woman at a cocktail party. She went up and said, "Don't you remember me? Ten years ago you asked me to marry you."

"Really?" the young man said. "And did I?"



The morning after Christmas, Mrs. Desai ran into the bathroom where her husband was shaving. "Adi," she wailed, "do you remember that unbreakable toy we bought for little Pesi so he too could celebrate Christmas?"

"Don't tell me he's broken it already," said Adi.

"No," said his wife, "but he's broken all his other toys with it."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

When cooking gas is in short supply

Look

What lifelong cooking plate offers you in cooking ease & time saving.....

The new LIFELONG cooking plate offers cooking convenience through & through. It incorporates a work saving function designed to achieve optimum interaction between you & food.
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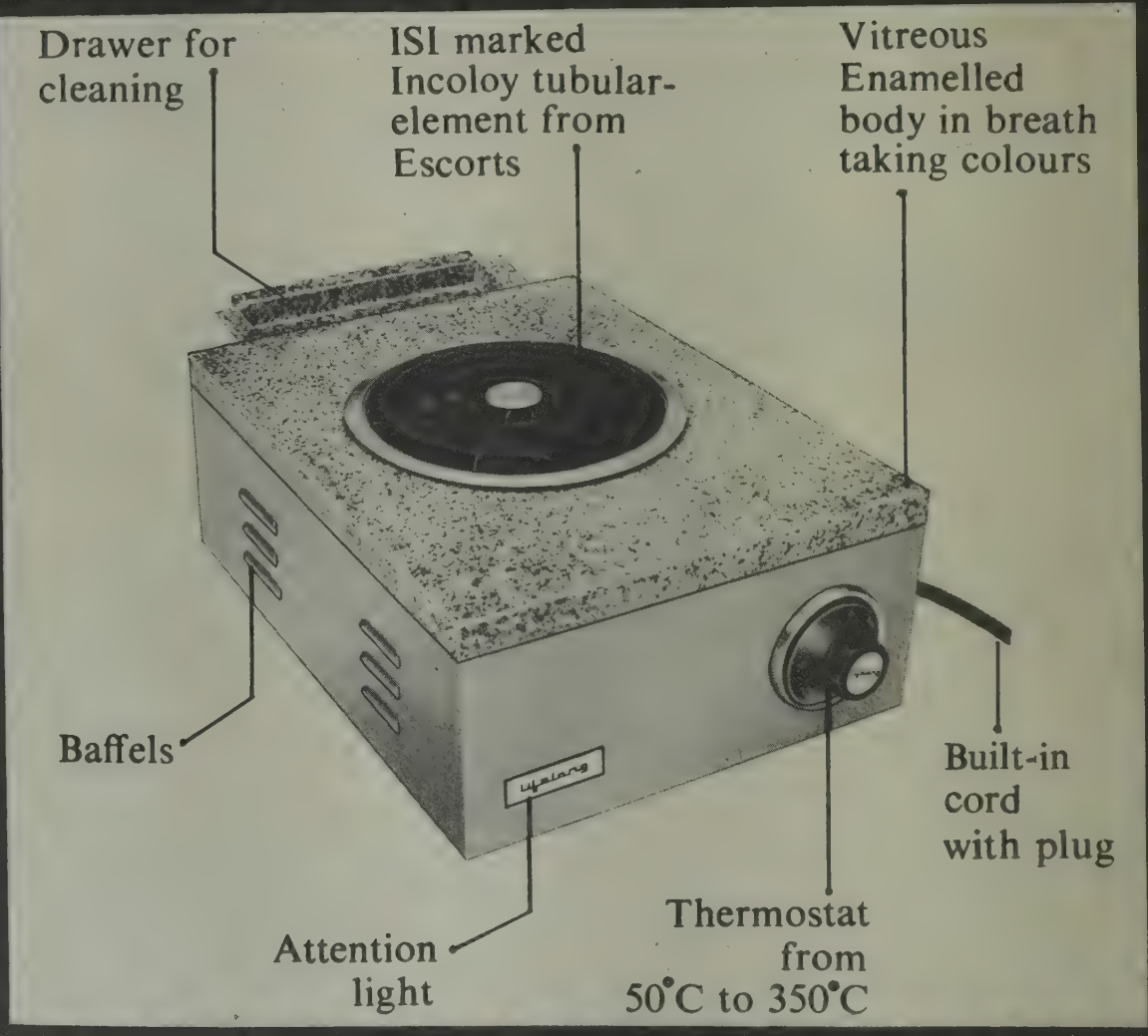
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Compacta

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

THE MEANING OF MODERNITY

BLUE JEANS AND T-SHIRTS ARE OUTER TRAPPINGS WHICH CANNOT BE TAKEN AS INDICATORS OF A TRULY LIBERATED MIND, SAYS

Padmini Rao Banerjee

A number of articles have been published on modernity and its evolving reality in our lives. These take the form of research studies, future-predicting articles and books, and of impressionistic attempts by lay people to identity the frequent changes that are taking over their lives. Unfortunately, however, most of us who write on the changes wrought by what we feel to be an alien force externally imposed, are hampered by the very limitations that we write about.

Most of us are city-bred and perhaps more familiar with the way in which the rest of the world lives, than our fellow citizens in small towns and villages. That knowledge in itself gives us the presumptuous notion that we are in a position to judge the progress of our society as a whole. Inexplicably, we are under the naive impression that what we see around us in the cities is representative of trends all over the country.

Why, in our writings, a mere section of unruly youth with affluent or indifferent parents becomes "today's youth" in toto. Families breaking up in the upper echelons of society or among those moving in a "jet-set" crowd become "disintegrated society." By saying that "our society is falling apart, buffeted by the gales of change" we dispense with a whole culture, an entire way of thinking and feeling, in a single sentence.

In all our attempts to be progressive, to identify the ills of our modern society and in bandying words about that are fashionable and often erudite, are we not making the most dreadful mistake of all, that is, missing the luxuriant woods for a few gnarled trees?

The actual influences of modernity (we are all still waiting for the most accurate definition of all) are restricted to comparatively insignificant sections of the urban population (please let's not take dress as an indication of the "modernness" of a person). Even in cities, millions of people lead comparatively stable and restricted lives, and modernity laps at the mere fringes of their existence. Why do we not write about the rest of the youth — and there are several millions of them — who lead quiet, unobtrusive and well-disciplined lives, who grow to fill their appointed roles in life, and who in time, become mature, responsible adults and parents?

Why are there such few articles on the millions of marriages that work, and work well? About children who are growing up bright and happy? It's time we learned to look at ourselves with a fresh perspective and to recognise our plus points when we see them.

Modernity should mean complete freedom of thought, the ability to accept and to encompass even that which one cannot understand. Can we censure "old-fashioned" people for resisting change and "modern" views when we ourselves find it difficult to accept their ways? Blue jeans and T-shirts are outer trappings which cannot be taken as indicators of a truly liberated mind.

Writers, more than anybody else, have a responsibility towards their readers. With a wave of their pens, they can nudge a thought in, remove a wrong impression, change an opinion, create awareness where there was none. The importance of accuracy and perspective in what they say, even if they are merely voicing an opinion, cannot be underestimated. What they say must lead us somewhere. There is no sense in identifying little islands in an indeterminate ocean. Our vision must be large enough to take in the entire horizon.

We must shrink our sense of self-importance first — the odious assumption that we can generalize about a diverse set of lifestyles that we don't really know anything much about.

Then only will true journalism emerge. When we have the perspicacity to see things for what they are, divested of their high-sounding abstractions like "changing life styles," "village ethos," "modernized," "westernization" and so on. The more specialized our vocabulary becomes, the simpler it is for us to lump everything we see under one or the other impressive sounding words, and all the more difficult to trace out patterns in it all.

The real India lies beyond this jungle of jargon. A sprinkling of city youth in blue jeans does not constitute India — even a modern India, if you insist!

SEASON'S GREETINGS

These lovely greetting cards made with pressed dry flowers and leaves are the creations of Mruga Parikh, a student from Ahmedabad.

K. K.

FALLING FROM THE SKIES!

Sgt. Laxmi Poon, a student of Lady Keane College and a cadet of "61 Meghalaya Girls' Battalion NCC," Shillong, recently completed her one month of Para Training at Para Training School, Agra, and became the first girl para trooper of Meghalaya.

17-year-old Laxmi has attended various NCC camps and her chief interests are singing, dancing, and interior decoration.

Dupatta Highlights

Dinoo Vacha

New look for the ending 80s. Fashion's latest collection of soft flowing dupattas — classically designed with traditional Indian motifs, draped over plain churidar-kameez ensembles.

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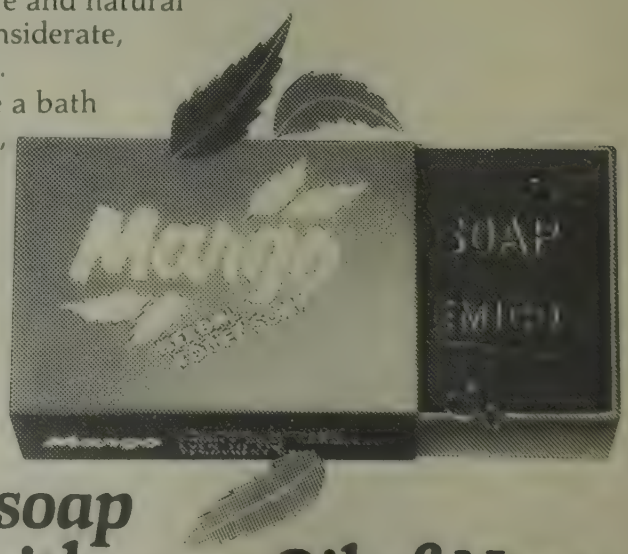

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PASSING THROUGH

LADY JEAN WILSON

REHABILITATING THE BLIND

A few weeks back, in her elegantly furnished suite at Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel I had a long chat with Lady Jean Wilson.

Her husband, Sir John Wilson is the head of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind and she is the next in command. They are currently on a tour of India, where she is interested not only in rehabilitating the blind, but also in restoring sight to those who have even an iota of hope.

Lady Wilson was born in the south of England. An only child, she was brought up with love and affection and dozens and dozens of pets of all kinds and shapes.

After schooling she went to Oxford, the city of spires, where she studied History. It was there that she met and fell in love with her husband who was then studying Law.

"He was the first blind person I'd ever met, but strangely enough I never considered him blind. Soon after a chemistry accident at the age of thirteen, which was responsible for his blindness, he was so well rehabilitated that there was little he could not do.

"We went out wining and dining, we went to debates and he'd see me home just like any other boy would, dating his girl friend. You see in England now, there is little stigma attached to being blind. We do not consider them blind, but just people who have lost their eyes, just the absence of one of their faculties and where incidentally, the other senses are highly developed." She gave her own example. Many years ago when we were newly married and had just shifted into a new house, I was arranging things and John walked in and said, 'Where can I find my socks, handkerchiefs and ties, where could they be?' I turned round and said, 'John can't you look for them yourself!' He laughed loudly and with great joy said, 'Darling, so at last you really don't think of me as blind — wonderful!' "

When they both finished their studies, her husband, who was appalled at the state of the blind in some other countries, decided to give up Law and help those so afflicted, and Lady Wilson helped him.

They chose to work in Africa. Research showed them that thousands of people in Africa were blind due to the fact that a certain fly infected the eye and caused total blindness. This in Africa they call "River Blindness".

They organised large teams with scientific knowledge to clean up the vast river areas of the interior and so contained the disease to a certain extent. Now with the help of the World Health Organisation, seven developing countries have been cleaned out and the disease more or less wiped out. It must be said that Lady Wilson attempted this work along with her husband at great risk to her own eyes.

During her forty minutes talk with me she told me that there are about 42,000 Indian children below the age of six who go blind every year because of malnutrition, particularly due to the lack of vitamin A. "A pity, this, when a few stems of drumsticks mixed in their diet would conquer this." In India about 40,000 people become blind due to cataract, therefore eye camps are built all over rural areas.

Lady Wilson stressed very firmly that she believed in having integrated education of the blind with the sighted. "Blind children who grow up together with the sighted do not feel left out. They can do as much or very often even more than the sighted. Great care and attention must be paid to this side of education of the blind. Segregating them from society, teaching them to be different, and molly-coddling them is the greatest disservice you can do to them." The blind are no different from anybody else---the minute you think along these lines the battle is won. She cited instances of girls particularly, who were sheltered to such an extent that they could not even move by themselves. That's when the blind becomes lonely and insecure.

A crowded programme of social work for the blind has made Lady Wilson a warm and intense personality. Although she is wrapped up in her husband, her two daughters, one married to a banker and the other an artist, her four grandchildren, all of whom keep her busy, her heart is big enough to hold the problems of others too.

Ratan Karaka

Lady Wilson (left) in conversation with journalist Ratan Karaka who is herself blind.

CRY BABIES!

While most people shun it, psychologist Carmen Lawrence devotes her university research to listening to other people's babies cry.

Mrs. Lawrence a mother herself and lecturer with the Department of Psychiatry and Behavioural Science at the University of Western Australia, uses a "panel" of 51 babies to study the effects of crying on mothers.

After observing the babies and mothers in the home environment at regular intervals over three months, Mrs. Lawrence said mothers should not feel failures if they cannot control the crying.

Her conclusions disagree with the popular view that a mother shapes the baby's crying habits very powerfully — that the mother determines how much the baby cries.

"Some babies are more irritable than others. We don't quite know why," she says. "They will cry anyway. I am not suggesting that mothers pay no attention to their cries, but they should not feel failures if they cannot keep them quiet."

"Mothers don't have to carry the burden of guilt as they did when paediatricians told them they must be feeding the baby wrongly or they must be tense or nervous and transmitting that to the baby.

"During my first observations I found enormous variability in the babies. Some cried four times and others 30-plus in a two-hour session. The mothers all reacted much the same, responding to virtually every cry if it was long enough."

Mrs. Lawrence found that a mother's response did not affect her baby's crying habits, but that the amount of crying did affect the mother's response.

After three months, mothers with placid babies continued to respond promptly to most cries. Mothers with very irritable babies ignored many of the cries and were less prompt in responding to others. "They changed their behaviour on the assumption that it really doesn't make very much difference what they do."

She felt that present-day advice to mothers places too much emphasis on placating crying babies.

"Once it was considered important not to spoil your child, but now it is considered that a child's needs are paramount. We have swung very markedly from an adult-centred view to one where parents have to fit in with the children. To some extent I think the pendulum has swung too far."

Mrs. Lawrence will continue her present study until the babies are aged 12 months. Later she plans to extend her research to investigate why some babies cry more than others, and to study the relationship between crying and child development, as babies who cry a lot tend to be early developers.

Courtesy: Australian Information Service

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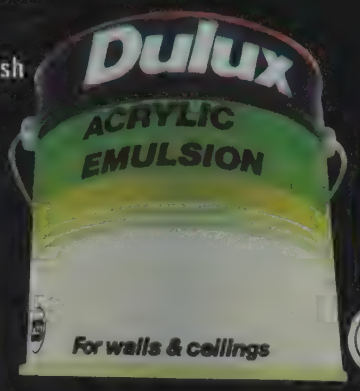

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INGREDIENTS: The Right Way

EGGS

Premila Lal

Apart from being among the most versatile of foods, the egg is considered an excellent health food containing proteins, vitamins and minerals and the first meal of the day is considered incomplete without an egg. Although they are expensive sometimes, it is worth remembering that eggs are a comparatively inexpensive way to increase the protein content of our food. An egg can lend itself to different dishes. It can be boiled, fried or scrambled, baked or roasted or even eaten raw. Added to other foods, eggs act as a raising agent in souffles and cakes and act as an emulsifying agent in mayonnaise and various salad dressings. It is also used to thicken gravies and sauces, or to clarify or enrich soups. Vary the ways you serve them so that your family will continue to enjoy them without grumbling about monotony.

ICE-CREAM DELIGHT

4 egg whites
1 tbsp. cornflour
4 tbsps. sugar
½ tsp. vanilla essence
1 tsp. vinegar
1 packet strawberry ice-cream
1 tin fruit cocktail

In a bowl, beat the egg whites stiffly. Add in half of the sugar and beat well till peaks form. Mix in the remaining sugar. Fold in the cornflour, essence and vinegar. Mix very lightly. Arrange the meringue on a greased tray forming a ring. Let the peaks stand high up. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five to forty-five minutes or till the meringue is evenly light brown. Cool. Just before serving, beat up the ice-cream and quickly pour in the centre of the meringue. Decorate the top with fruit pieces and serve immediately.

Photograph: Taiyeb Badshah

EGG NOODLE SOUP

4 cups chicken broth
1 cup cooked noodles
1 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
2-3 eggs
2 tbsps. lemon juice
1 spring onion, chopped
Salt to taste

Heat the chicken broth, add coriander leaves, spring onion and noodles. Bring to a boil. Add more salt, if necessary, Beat together the eggs and lemon juice till well blended. Pour into the soup, gradually, stirring constantly. Serve immediately.

POACHED EGGS WITH ONION SAUCE

6 eggs
2 large onions, cut in rounds
Oil for deep frying
Flour seasoned with salt and pepper
A little egg white

FOR THE SAUCE:

450 grams onion puree
2 tbsps. butter
1 tbsp. flour
2½ cups milk
½ tsp. pepper
Salt to taste

To make the sauce, melt the butter and add the flour, salt and pepper. Remove from the fire and gradually add the milk until well blended. Return to the fire, stir until it boils, then add the onion puree. Simmer for a few minutes until thick and creamy. Keep hot.

Heat the oil. Moisten the onion rings with egg white and dip into the seasoned flour. Deep fry, and keep aside.

Poach the eggs separately and arrange on to a flat serving dish. Cover with the onion sauce and garnish with the fried onion rings. Serve immediately.

TUNA STUFFED EGGS

1 tin tuna fish
6 hard-boiled eggs
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tbsp. parsley, chopped
1-2 green chillis, finely chopped
1 tsp. prepared mustard
Salt and pepper to taste
Slices of stuffed olives

Slice the eggs in half, lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash well. Add tuna fish, mayonnaise, chopped parsley, green chillis, mustard, salt and pepper. Blend well. Arrange egg whites on a platter and stuff with generous helpings of the egg yolk mixture. Garnish with a slice of stuffed olive and chill for an hour before serving.

HOLLAND SANDWICH OMELETTE

4 eggs
2 tbsps. flour
½ cup milk
1 tbsp. cheese, grated
½ cup diced ham
Oil
Salt and pepper to taste

FOR THE SAUCE:

2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. fresh cream
¼ tsp. prepared mustard
3 tsps. flour
1 cup milk
½ cup cheese, grated

Beat the eggs, milk, flour, salt and pepper together. Divide this mixture into three parts. Heat some oil and make the first omelette with the first part of the egg mixture, frying on both sides, then turn out on to a warm dish. Sprinkle with cheese. Repeat this process and make a second omelette. Place it over the first and sprinkle with the chopped ham. Cover with the third omelette. Keep warm.

Melt the butter and gently fry the flour in it. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly. Then add the mustard, cream and cheese. Simmer, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens. Pour over the omelettes and serve immediately.

EGG PULLAO

500 grams rice
6 hard-boiled eggs
4 green chillis, chopped
½ tsp turmeric powder
1 tsp chilli powder
2 tsps. coriander powder
1 tsp. coriander, ground
1 tsp. ginger, ground
¼ coconut, ground
1 tsp. garlic, ground
1 large tomato, chopped
2 cardamoms
2 pieces cinnamon
3 large onions, sliced
1 small onion, ground
1 cup curds
Ghee
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the rice. Keep aside. Melt the ghee and fry the sliced onions until brown. Add the ground ginger, coriander garlic, salt and eggs. Fry the eggs for a few minutes, then remove and keep aside. Now add all the ingredients except for the curds and coconut. Fry for two minutes, then add enough water to allow the rice to cook. Mix the coconut and curds. When the rice is almost cooked, add this mixture and stir. When the rice is ready, remove half of it, place the eggs on the remaining half of the rice and spread the rest of the rice on top of the eggs. Simmer for five minutes and serve immediately.

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI SOUFFLE

2 cups spaghetti, cooked
4 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 tsp. butter
½ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. mixed breadcrumbs and grated cheese
Salt to taste

FOR THE SAUCE:

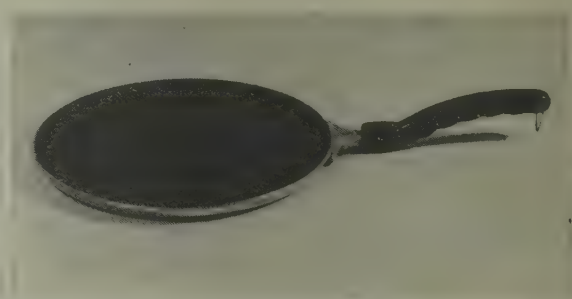
1 tbsp. butter
1 heaped tbsp. flour
Salt and pepper to taste
4 egg whites
6 tbsps. cheese, grated
¾ cup milk
3 egg yolks

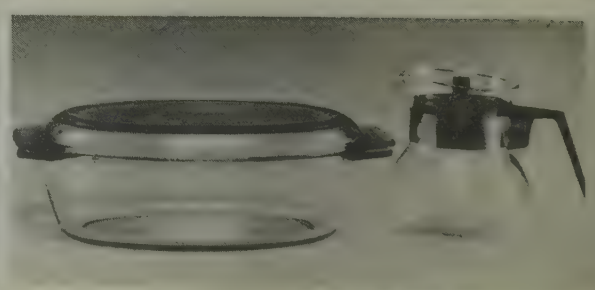
Melt the butter in a pan and add spaghetti, salt and pepper. Mix them and add the tomato sauce and stir until well coated.
To make the sauce, melt the butter, add the flour, salt and pepper then gradually blend in the milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth, then remove from fire. Add the cheese and beat the egg yolks one at a time Beat the egg whites stiff and blend into the sauce. Mix gently. Pour just enough of the mixture to cover the base into a greased souffle dish. Add half the spaghetti mixture. Cover with half the remaining souffle mixture. Repeat. Sprinkle top with crumbs and cheese and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven until well set. Serve immediately.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of November will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100:

1) A non-stick coated 245 mm Tava from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS, containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) An Oval Casserole set and a 4-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, 4) A 5.5. litres Sainik Pressure Cooker from EVERGREEN TRADES AND AGENCIES, Bombay and 5) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay





RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Merlyn D'Costa, Bombay.

PORK IN BEER

1 kg pork
2 glasses beer
7 cinnamon sticks
8 cloves
15 peppercorns
6 cloves garlic, flaked
1 inch pieces ginger
2 lemons
2 tbsps. vinegar
Salt and sugar to taste

Cut and wash the pork. Apply salt, lime juice, and keep aside. Grind the cinnamon. cloves, garlic and ginger. Apply this paste to the pork along with a little sugar and two tablespoons vinegar. Pierce with a fork and leave to marinate for thirty minutes. Put the pork into the cooker along with the two glasses of beer and peppercorns. Pressure cook for twenty minutes. Serve hot with bread or rice.

Mrs. Carol Subaya, Bangalore.

BAKED FISH IN SEA SHELLS

¼ kg seer fish
2 egg yolks
1 egg, hard boiled
1 bunch parsley
¼ pint milk
2 tsps. butter
1 cube cheese
2 slices bread, cubed
4 slices tomato
4 scallop shells (greased with butter)

FOR THE SAUCE :

2 tsps. ghee
1 carrot
1 tomato, sliced
1 tsp. vinegar
2 tsps. sugar
2 tsps. soya sauce
3 rashes bacon
1½ tsp. cornflour

FOR THE SAUCE :

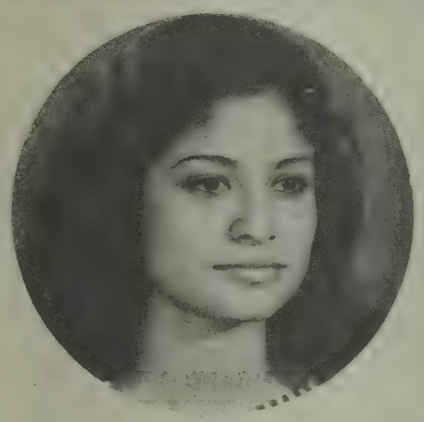
Fry the grated carrot, and tomatoes in ghee for five to seven minutes. And vinegar, sugar, soya sauce and pour into a pan, in which the cornflour is dissolved. Add the fried bacon rashes. Bring to boil until thick.

TO BAKE THE FISH

Boil the fish for a few minutes in a little water. Remove bones. Put back on heat, add the chopped onion, milk, parsley and butter. Simmer till fish is tender. Remove from heat and pour the fish stock over the bread cubes and soak for a few minutes. Add the fish along with salt, pepper, cheese and egg yolk. Beat well. Slice the hard boiled eggs. Divide the above mixture between the shells, top each with a slice of tomato and a slice of egg. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a fairly hot oven for fifteen minutes.

WEEKLY WINNER

NINA PRAMAR, Indore.



Miss Pramar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and a 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

EIGHT LAYER PIE

500 grams mince
4 onions, chopped
½ inch piece ginger
6 cloves garlic
2 green chillis
Coriander leaves, chopped
1 tsp. dried mint
2 stock cubes
A pinch dried herbs
Salt & pepper to taste
150 grams oil
500 grams potatoes
1 tin sweet corn
250 grams onion rings
250 grams carrots
250 grams capsicums
400 grams tomatoes
250 grams macaroni

FOR THE SAUCE:

200 grams cheese
70 grams flour
70 grams butter
800 ml. milk
2 eggs, beaten
Salt and pepper to taste

Saute the chopped onions in hot oil till soft. Add chopped garlic, ginger, green chillis and saute for a minute. Add mince and fry for a few minutes. Put in the tomatoes, herbs and stock cubes. Season well. Cook till tender and dry.

TO PREPARE THE SAUCE:

Melt butter, stir in flour and cook gradually for a minute. Remove from heat and blend in milk. Put back on stove. Bring to a boil, stirring continuously. Cook for two minutes. Remove from heat and mix in cheese, beaten egg, salt and pepper.

TO ASSEMBLE:

Pre-heat the oven to moderate. Arrange boiled, sliced potatoes at the bottom of a well-greased dish. Cover with sweet corn layer. Place the cooked mince over this. Put in layers, the cooked rings of carrots, lightly sauteed onions, sauteed capsicum and tomatoes. Put the boiled macaroni over the tomato layer. Finally, pour the sauce over and sprinkle with cheese. Bake for about forty-five minutes.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

January, 1981
COOKING WITH POTATOES

February, 1981
SPINACH SPECIALITIES

March, 1981
VEGETABLE PUDDINGS

All entries for January should reach us latest by December 5, February entries by January 5 and March entries by February 5, 1981.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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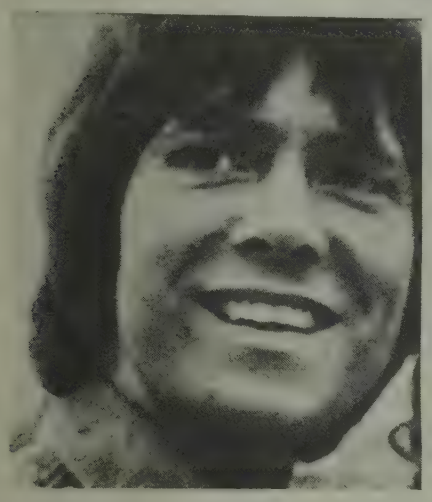
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

When he was a plump, six-foot teenager, the kids went crazy over him. He had everything he ever wanted in life — money, clothes, sports cars, screaming fans, fame, adoring



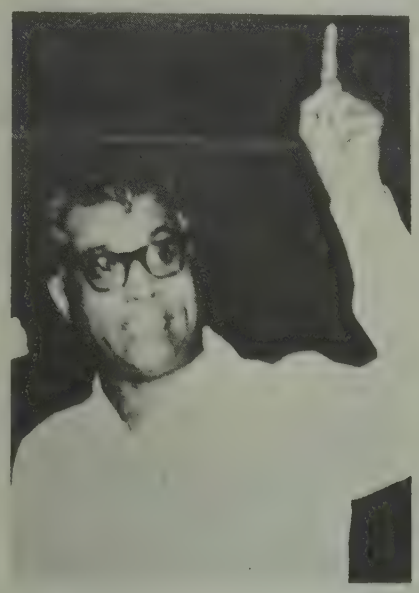
parents and sisters. Not bad at all for Lucknow-born Harry Webb alias **Cliff Richards,** the singing sensation of the 60s, who, from the age of eight, has made England his home. Cliff turned terribly evangelical and religious at one stage and one thought that he didn't need a wife. Today at 40, Cliff is still intensely religious, but feels the need for a wife and kids. Cliff is old-fashioned enough to say: "it has to be the right girl and it has to be for good," and adds, "Even if the marriage faltered it would have to remain. I have set myself almost ridiculous standards. I'm against people getting married with the attitude that they can get divorced any time." Good for you, Cliff. We need a lil bit of old fashioned love and care these days.

* * *

The literary non-event of the year took place recently. On the eve of his 50th birthday, playwright **Harold Pinter** and novelist **Lady Antonia Fraser** were at last free to marry after having been refused a divorce by their respective spouses for many years. But actress **Vivien Merchant,** the estranged wife of Pinter, played the bitch at the last minute. She "forgot" to put her signature on the divorce papers and watched with ill concealed glee the wedding party compelled to be turned into a birthday party instead. When questioned about her action she trilled: "I've got to sign the papers. They're here somewhere under all my scripts and things. I'll sign them when I find them but I've got a lot of things to think about without worrying about this. They were a little foolish to go ahead, weren't they? Harold was — is — still my husband." Talk about a woman scorned!

* * *

George Fernandes, in his need to be in the news all the time, has done it again. First, for no valid reason at all, he organised a "Maharashtra bandh" which, apart from causing the citizens some amount of discomfort, turned out to be a total flop. Then, on the eve of the much-publicised Himalayan Rally organised by **Nazir Hoosein,** which would have put India on the world map and encouraged tourism, Fernandes suddenly dis-



covered that the rally would waste a huge amount of petrol that could be used by the poor Indian farmers. Therefore, he and other Lok Dal members organised a "peaceful" protest against the rally. This was in the form of attacking the innocent, unarmed foreign and Indian car drivers. At various strategic points on the route, a mob of howling villagers attacked the cars and pelted stones and broke the windshields of the cars. The rest of the rally was conducted under armed escort and terminated abruptly. Dear George, next time you get one of your bright ideas to save the country, keep it to yourself. Don't ruin our name for no rhyme or reason. As Indians, we would rather be known for our hospitality. And if it's fame you're after, be happy that the 1,500-odd bidi workers in Madhya Pradesh have decided to name their bidi after you.

* * *

Someone should tell **Pope John Paul II** that the best way to squelch an unsavoury incident is to ignore it. The left-wing Italian paper, La Republica, has carried a series of cartoons against the Church's ban on birth control. One cartoon for example shows a black-gowned death figure saying that women did not have abortions (which the Church opposes) in the Third World, but God in His infinite mercy had solved the problem by letting their children die of hunger. Frothing at the mouth in anger, the world synod of bishops called the cartoons "obscene and blasphemous" and therefore drew wide public attention to the cartoons, which might otherwise have gone totally unnoticed by all but the readers of "La Republica".

* * *

Remember **Madho Singh,** that dreaded dacoit from the Chambal valley, whose very name sent shivers down the spines of people in North India? At one time he was so notorious that he carried a price of rupees one-and-a-half lakhs on his head. But he hasn't been in the news for quite some time now. Where's he? In 1972, heeding Jayaprakash Narayan's call to reform, on being promised a decent place in society, Madho Singh changed his ways. Today, he has become

a well-known magician in the footsteps of P. C. Sorcar and Gogia Pasha, and calls himself "Chambal Sarkar." And that's not all; in the last eight years he has written several short stories and eight novels in Hindi. He has not only acted in a movie, "Chambal Ka Daku", but has also begun writing the screenplay for films!

UNKNOWN

When tall, blond, Swedish mechanical engineer Pars Kallen came with his attractive Goan wife Clementine to holiday at her birthplace for a short while, he didn't know what he was letting himself in for. One evening, when Pars and his wife were having a soft drink in a restaurant in Benaulim, a couple of goondas passed dirty remarks against his wife. They then followed them out of the restaurant and assaulted them on the road. One of the goondas was the law itself—inspector of police Prabhakar Rane of Margao. The couple stuck it out in Goa for three long lonely years, to fight their case in court. They won it in spite of the many threats made against them. They left India recently, with no money. But it was a question of principle.

Lakshmi Narayan

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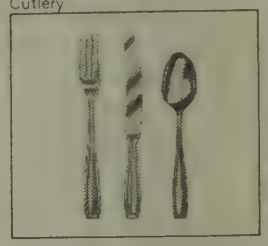
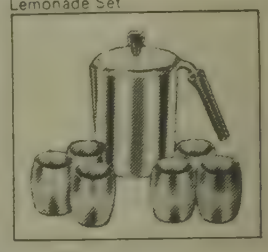


Lemonade Set



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THE GREAT PROBLEM

Sarojini Srinivasan

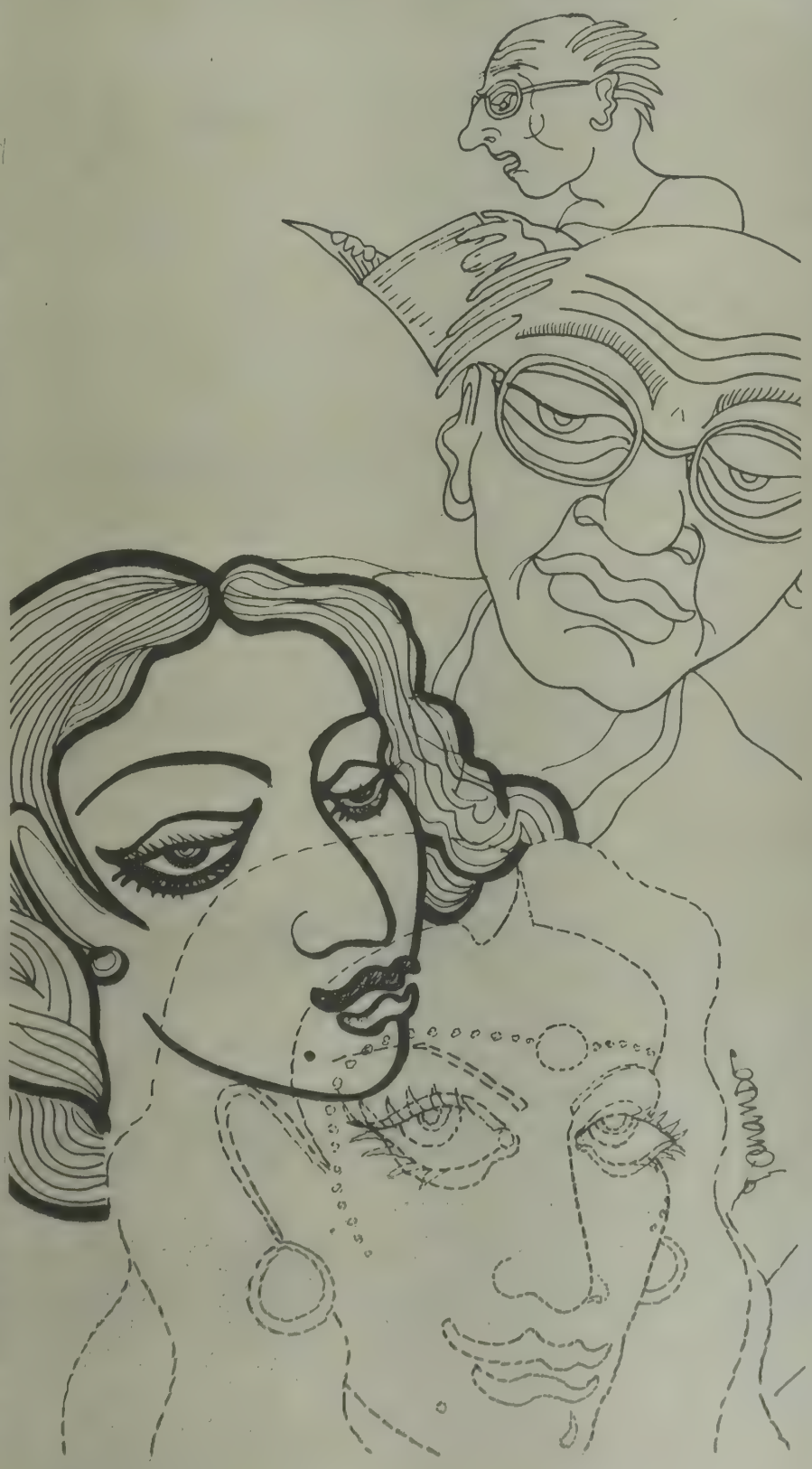
FOR AN OLD WIDOWER HE WAS REASONABLY HAPPY — AFFECTION, COMPANIONSHIP AND OLD MEMORIES WERE HIS FOR THE ASKING. BUT ONE NAGGING PROBLEM TROUBLED HIM INCESSANTLY

WHEN old Mr. Shamlal saw the advertisement in the matrimonial columns of the newspaper, he wrote at once asking for further particulars, while giving all information about his daughter. "Wanted a beautiful educated bride for a chartered accountant aged 32, well settled and from a wealthy family," said the advertisement. Having written the letter, Shamlal went to post it himself to be sure that it would reach the addressee. Nowadays, he felt he could trust no one. Or else how to account for the fact that he had received no reply from his very best friend — from Prakash — with whom he had grown up in Meerut and who had always answered his letters so promptly? They had been very close to each other and had taken a keen interest in each other's families, and always attended important functions at each other's places.

Going down from the 10th floor apartment in which he lived with his son, he walked to the post office. Although the distance was short, he was tired when he returned and stretched himself out on a canvas easy chair on the verandah. Though it was December, the day was warm and humid; there was as yet no sign of a chill in the air. Really, Bombay was getting to be exasperating. He hated the sky-scrapers, the crowds, the traffic jams and the pollution of air and water. No green patch to rest tired eyes on. No quiet place for morning or evening walks. Even the sea was a dull tired grey, heavy with the discharge from sewage pipes. The stench at low tide was unbearable. How he wished he had continued to live in Delhi, so beautifully laid out with trees, lawns and gardens! There one could walk on green grass or lie down on it, soaking in the sun on winter evenings.

When Kamla was there, he had hardly thought of happiness or sadness. He was so busy earning a living and bringing up the children. She had managed the house and he had had no complaints. He had been fortunate enough to be working as secretary for the owner of a firm with whom he had an excellent personal relationship. So he had worked till he could work no more. The boss had given his son Amar, an engineer, the post of branch manager in Bombay. His eldest child Meera had been married young, but he could not bear to think of it. Now his youngest child Alka had to be settled in life.

When his wife passed away, it was Alka who had managed the house for him. He had educated her well. After graduation, she had taken a degree in Business Management too. Kamla and he had been so proud of their daughter's achievement. His employer Seth Goverdhandas, who had always appreciated his work, had said one day. "Now that you are too old and weak, you had better retire. We will give you a good pension. We will employ your daughter as she is well qualified for the job. I too will take it easy from now on." So the Seth's elder son now managed his business. His younger son was still studying at Harvard in the States. When he came back he would also be absorbed into his father's firm. Shamlal wound up his affairs in Delhi and, putting his daughter in a working girls' hostel, came to live with his son in Bombay.



He was well looked after by his son and daughter-in-law, but he felt that there was a limit to their kindness. He did not want to be a burden and foist his problems on them. But he had to ask Amar for help in getting Alka married. Whenever he found an eligible boy, the parents wanted a huge dowry. With his pension and meagre savings, he could not provide much beyond a small celebration and some good clothes and what was left of Kamla's jewels. Hard cash to appease the would-be in-laws was impossible. "Don't expect me to shell out," Amar had said frankly when his father broached the problem. Of course, the boy had his own worries, thought Shamlal sympathetically. If only he could get a favourable answer to his letter! The girl needed to be settled in a home of her own. True, these career girls scoffed at the idea of marriage. But could she stay forever in a working girls' hostel and with her brother during vacations? She must get married.

A full month went by without his getting any reply. Perhaps the advertiser had found out his financial worth and ignored his offer. Of course, Alka was not particularly beautiful. But she was charming, well educated, smart and did everything efficiently. As if that was not enough in a wife! What more did anyone want? Money was not always the key to happiness. A girl could bring a lot of money and also a lot of headaches. Many such reflections passed through Shamlal's mind as he lay day after day on the easy-chair on the verandah, nursing his aches and pains. His back troubled him a lot. Amar had taken him to an orthopaedic surgeon who had passed him on to a physiotherapist for treatment. But diathermy or exercise had not cured him of his chronic ailment. He lay there, tired and old, thinking out ways and means to settle his youngest child and solve his one great remaining problem.

He remembered how inexperienced he and Kamla had been

THE GREAT PROBLEM

when they had married off their elder daughter. Meera had been a very pretty girl. As soon as she finished school, they had received several offers of marriage for her. They chose a lad who seemed a promising lawyer. He lived with his parents, brothers and sisters. The work in that large house was never-ending and Meera had been used to softer ways in her parents' house. The servants were unreliable, coming and leaving at intervals. A large joint family meant so much house work. How much better it would have been had they educated her further instead of marrying her off in such a hurry when she was only seventeen! By nineteen, Meera had died. Was it due to overwork? Ill treatment? Who could blame whom? It was all fate, he decided and took comfort in the thought. At least now he would not repeat the mistake. Besides, Alka had a good job and could maintain herself. But girls should get married, was his firm opinion. So he must hurry up and find a suitable bridegroom. He could not leave this problem to his son.

When he told all this to his son as they were having their dinner, his daughter-in-law Sheila remarked, "But how can we provide a dowry? This advertiser must be a very rich person. We will never be able to fulfil his demands. Things are so costly nowadays. Look at the price of gold."

Amar did not say anything. He had enough problems of his own — three daughters and no son as yet. And though he drew a handsome salary, the cost of living did not allow much saving. His wife was always complaining that their daughters must have jewels. "We must start making them now itself, prices will never come down. They will keep on rising."

The days passed slowly — very slowly for the old man. How lucky for Kamla, he thought to himself. These days he found that often he was talking to himself audibly. What was he to do? There was no one to share his thoughts. Kamla would have lightened his burden and cheered him up. But she was indeed lucky to have gone away before the world became so difficult to live in. He found his evenings the dullest. Mornings passed in his ablutions, prayers and reading the newspapers. Afternoons one could take a nap. In the evenings one wanted to go for a short walk, or sit on a garden bench talking to people of one's own age. But when he got down from their box of a flat in the sky and wove his way through the throngs of people on the pavement and managed to cross the street with its incessant traffic of cars, buses and trucks and arrived at the sea front, no bench would be vacant and he would be tired and disgusted and wonder why on earth he had ventured out at all. It irked him that in his old age when he should have had peace and quiet, he was forced to live in the busiest metropolis in India.

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Another month passed. The so called winter was over. Spring had come. Delhi would be blooming with flowers. How he longed for his garden — the one he had made in the house where they had lived. How lovely were the flowers that came out in the beds he had planted with so much care. As he sat mentally savouring those floral delights, little Roopa, his grandchild, came and gave him two letters on both of which the addresses had been typed.

With a trembling hand he took them. God knows what disappointment I am in for, he thought to himself as he opened one of the letters. It was from the advertiser in the matrimonial column. He read it through carefully, twice. "I took some time to answer you," wrote the boy's father, "because I had to make thorough investigations regarding your family. I am satisfied about this aspect, but do let me know how much you are willing to spend on your daughter's wedding. Remember that my family is very rich and has to maintain its prestige."

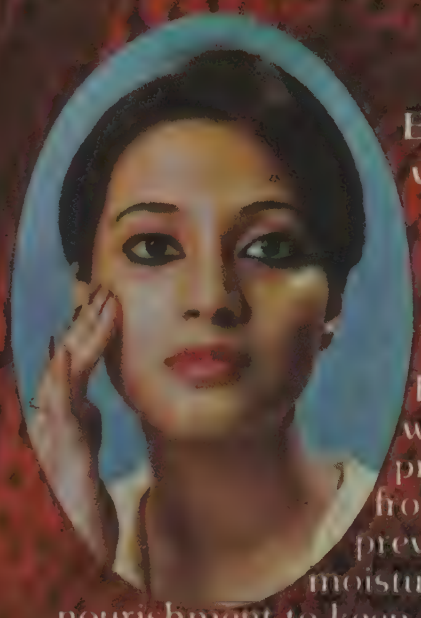
So that was it! An indirect way of asking for a dowry—asking one to splurge and squander. Well, he was against it in principle and in any case could not afford it. In great anger, he tore the letter to little bits and threw away the pieces. Sheila would be annoyed at the untidiness, but he was too angry to care. Soon a gust of sea breeze blew and the paper bits swirled away and were scattered all over the ground below. Thus go my hopes, he reflected sadly. I don't know what's in store for that girl.

He lay back in despair, forgetting all about the second letter. Dusk fell rapidly. Amar came home from the office. He went straight to his father. "Papa, why are you sitting in the dark?" he asked, and switched on the light. Then he saw the letter lying on the floor, picked it up and handed it over to his father. Shamlal placed his glasses on his thin nose and tore open the envelope. It was from Alka. "Dearest Papa," she wrote, "I don't know how you will take this piece of news. Seth Goverdhandas's second son Ameet came back from the States last month. Since then we have become great friends. We see each other every day at the office. Now he says he loves me and wants me to marry him. I too like the idea. But I said we must ask our parents first. He took me to his house. His parents have given their blessings. In fact, his father said, 'After all she is Shamlal's daughter and I have seen her from when she was a small child.' His mother said, 'Thank God our Ameet has made a good choice.' What is your opinion? I hope and pray you will approve of my choice. Please reply at once. And another thing I want to say. Once I set up my house in Delhi, I very much want you to live with us. I know you must be missing this place. Please do agree."

Shamlal was amazed at the turn of events. He stared silently at the dark sky outside, unable to communicate anything to his son. Seeing the play of emotions on his father's lined face, Amar asked, "What's the news Papa? Nothing to disturb you, I hope."

At last Shamlal found his voice. "It's from Alka," he said. "She has found her bridegroom. We must arrange to celebrate her wedding very soon." Saying this he gave the letter to his son to read. If Amar felt a twinge of jealously at the thought that he was only an employee while Alka would be his young boss's wife, he quenched the feeling promptly. As for Sheila, well that's another story.

You'll need it this winter



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A SURROGATE HOME

FOR 25 YEARS THE SEVA SAMAJAM HAS BEEN A REAL HOME FOR THE DESTITUTE GIRLS, FOR THE WAIFS AND STRAYS IT HAS TAKEN IN AND HELPED TO EDUCATE AND RESETTLE

Vasantha Ravindran

To a married girl, in India at least, her mother's house is something unique — an emotional oasis in a dreary desert of day to day worries. Here, irrespective of the status of her husband, she can relax; she is always a V.I.P.; her affairs are always of utmost concern; she can relax and gossip, lie down on long afternoons with no alien, critical eyes watching her. She can leave her children in her younger sister's care and go gadding about; she can have endless cups of tea and long oil baths, dry her hair with sambrani smoke. All this of course when she has a mother and a home — what if there is no mother — what if there is no home?

The Seva Samajam Home for Destitute Girls was declared open on January 26, 1955 by the then Governor of Madras, Mr. Sri Prakash. It was that legendary social worker, Mrs. Clubwalla, who conceived the idea of bringing up female waifs and strays who land in Juvenile Courts, as decent boys and girls. In the Home they are given food, shelter, education, and later suitably settled. The Home is a residential one run by the Guild of Service for destitute and orphaned girls between the ages of 10 and 20. It has presently a strength of 275 girls. There is a high school in the campus which the girls attend. Not all are orphans; some girls are from destitute families some from broken homes and some are State wards who have been sent there.

This and other allied institutions are maintained not only by local foster parents but by foreign charitable organisations like the Unitarian Service Community, Canada; CORSO of New Zealand: Save the Children Fund. Melbourne; SCF, London; FTWHL (For Those Who Have Less), Melbourne; and several individual sponsors from England. the Continent and America. Sponsored children keep in regular touch with their foster parents. Originally the Home was situated in Adyar but on October 28, 1968 it was shifted to Aachan House on Casa Major Road.

Girls above ten are admitted if they need institutional care. Girls below this age are sent to the Childrens' Home at Adyar a sister institution. Admission is through the Juvenile Court, transfer from a Government approved school, or the Guild of Service Selection Commitee which screens applications and decides on the cases which need institutionalisation. House visits are made to check on the eligibility and genuineness of each case. Admissions are generally made in June. There is a school attached, which outsiders, day students, also are allowed to attend. It is inside the campus and coaches students in the Tamil medium to the Xth standard.

The girls celebrate all the important Indian festivals. They are allowed to go home (if there is a home they can go to) during the holidays. They also go on picnics and outings. They are shown films, and Christian children visit their church and Hindu girls go to temples. Recently even Transcendental Meditation has been introduced into the Home — and the girls are encouraged to meditate 20 minutes in the mornings and in the evenings. Artistic talent is encouraged by arranging competitions and "rangoli" decorations. There is also a band made up entirely of the girls from the Home. The parents or guardians of the girls are allowed to see them on the second Sunday of each month. When they visit, badly off though they are, they invariably bring some small gifts for girls.

The children are taken on holiday camps for which grants are given by the Social Welfare Board. Leadership qualities and initiative are encouraged, and the girls themselves are allowed to decide about the day's activities or the daily menu. Last year two camps were organised in Trivandrum and one in Bangalore. This year they were taken to Tonekala.

The girls are usually from very poor families, usually with only a single parents (due to death or desertion). There are also children whose one parent has murdered the other so that one is dead and the other in jail and the child is alone in the world.

The authorities send such girls to the Home. There are other children, orphans who have always been in institutions and have never known what it is like to be part of a family, or known the love and concern of parents or siblings. The Home tries to help such tragic victims as much as it can.

There are four large dormitories with 40-45 girls in each. They are under the care of house mothers who are from respectable middle-class families, and have been there for over a decade. The girls are fond of their housemothers, so much so that sometimes they are reluctant to go home for holidays!

And finally, Rehabilitation. The girls who are bright academically are encouraged to study further. Some of the others are married off to suitable men, but many of them continue to visit the Home. Vimala, one of the first girls who passed out, was a housekeeper in Ambassador Kewal Singh's house and was doing well when last heard from. The Home children were agog with excitement in June about a forthcoming marriage. A destitute and orphan girl was marrying a Army Naik from Avadi.

The Director of the Seva Samajam Home, Ms Samala Balachandran was talking of an old girl of the Home, now happily married, who had come there with her small baby. "It was after class — and the girls made such a fuss about the baby — and the housemothers made such a fuss over the girl ...."

"Her mother's house," I said.

"Of course", she replied placidly, "it is their mother's house."

The Seva Samajam Girls Home is celebrating its Silver Jubilee in 1980.

ABOVE: A sewing class in progress: girls are encouraged to take up a useful occupation.

LEFT : Providing food, shelter and education to those who would otherwise have had nothing.

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MADHAVI:

Success In Four Languages, And Now A Fifth

Jyothi Venkatesh

Among the promising younger stars of today down South, Madhavi is climbing fast to the top. With about a dozen films on her hands in Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada, Madhavi is a busy star indeed. With producer L. V. Prasad's "Ek Duuje Ke Liye," Madhavi, like Kamalahasan and Rati Agnihotri, will make her debut in Hindi films also. And if the film clicks, she is bound to be besieged by the film makers of Bombay, like Kamalahasan and Rati have already been, and Madhavi may decide to settle down here saying goodbye to the South.

I met Madhavi for this interview at her suite in Bombay at the Taj. She had come specially to attend the press conference that L. V. Prasad had organised to introduce Madhavi along with Kamalahasan and Rati to the press. According to Madhavi, it was director Dasari Narayan Rao who had introduced her to the Telugu screen three years ago with a film called "Toorpu Padamara" the Telugu version of the Tamil hit "Apoorva Rahangal". It was produced in Telugu by K. Raghava Rao who is making "Itnisi Baat", a remake of the Telugu hit "Seethapati Samsaram". The role played by Moushumi in the Hindi version was done by in its Telugu original by Madhavi.

Madhavi's real name is Vijayalakshmi. "Since 'Fatafat' Jayalakshmi was already popular all over the South, Dasari asked me to choose from Neeraja, Praveena and Madhavi. I preferred the last." Madhavi says that she had never aspired for a career in films. "Mine was an accidental entry. I was all set to go abroad and settle down there with some relatives. I had even procured my visa then. I did my first Telugu film and thought of leaving India after its release. But I was bombarded with several offers and I just couldn't say no."

Today Madhavi has the choicest banners in the South opposite some of the most popular leading men like Rajanikant and Kamalahasan. Her films include "Thillu Mullu", the Tamil remake of "Gol Maal" with Rajanikant as her co-star, Kamalahasan's "Raja Parvai", the Tamil version of "Mukaddar Ka Sikandar" opposite Sivaji Ganesan, being made by music-director M. S. Viswanathan, and Sivaji's own Tamil re-make of the Telugu hit "Ra Ra Krishnaiyya."

"I do not want to claim that I live for my art. Money is important to me also, but that is not the only motive that I have when I sign a film. There are some films which I take up because of the director, some because of the story (in that case I do not care who the hero is or who the director is) and some because I am offered good money."

There has always been a trickle of stars from the South to the Hindi screen. Madhavi, after savouring success in the four regional languages of the South, is the latest to follow this tradition

Madhavi has a pair of very expressive eyes and she wants to do roles like Raakhee is doing. And even though her maiden venture in Hindi is yet to be released, she has already signed for two more Hindi films and negotiations for several others are going on right now. One of the films that she has signed for is "Har Saas Tale Ek Deep Jale" opposite Arun Govil while the other is "Ek Thi Ladki" opposite Vinod Mehra. Her favourites of the Hindi screen are Sanjeev Kumar and Jaya Bhaduri, and she says she is looking forward to working with Sanjeev Kumar.

Madhavi doesn't wish to get typed. She used to do mostly glamorous roles in the beginning, but after the release of "Maro Charitra" in Telugu, the original of "Ek Duuje Ke Liye", she started getting roles which brought the actress in her to the fore. About her role in "Ek Duuje Ke Liye" she said that though she plays a minor character, it has a great impact. "Hence, I have no regrets that I am making my debut on the Hindi screen in a minor role. I want to show people that I can act too, and not just decorate the screen."

Madhavi has finished her Bhushan in Kathak and diploma in Bharata Natya. "I started learning dancing right from the time I was eight years old. I finished my course when I was 13."

Till date, believe it or not, though she entered films only three years ago, Madhavi has completed as many as 55 films in all the South Indian languages, about 40 of them being in Telugu. "I am keen on making Bombay my base because I am a Hyderabadi and know Hindi well. In fact, I have always liked Hindi films better than Tamil or Telugu ones. Tamil is not my mother tongue and so I used to go for my dubbing sessions for Tamil films with butterflies in my belly feeling like a student at an examination."

Madhavi finds her career as an actress exciting and has learnt to take gossip in her stride. "What's wrong if Kamalahasan recommends my name to his producer?" she asks. Though "Puthiya Thoranangal" was the first Tamil film to be released, it was Kamalahasan who had signed Madhavi for his own "Raja Parvai" earlier. When Rekha opted out of "Meendum Kokila" and the producers were toying with the idea of casting Deepa, Kamalahasan suggested Madhavi's name for the role. Though ultimately Deepa bagged the role and not Madhavi, her name has been linked romantically with that of Kamalahasan. "We are not having an affair," she says, adding the inevitable, "We are just good friends."

Madhavi says she is prepared to expose herself on the screen if the character that she is playing requires her to do so, but "certainly I wouldn't expose myself blatantly just for public titillation. I certainly do not want people to whistle at me while I walk on the road."

Photograph: Parveen Kumar

MULTI-STOREY NONSENSE

The cities of the developing world could double their population over the next 20 years. Already a quarter of all city-dwellers live in slums and shanties. Well-known town planner, J. B. D'SOUZA, shows why conventional housing strategies can no longer cope, and argues for a new approach towards housing the urban poor

The most important thing about houses for the poor is that they should be low-cost. We tend to forget that most obvious of facts. And we also tend to substitute our own ideas of what is "low-cost" for those of the poor whom we pretend to serve.

In India, for example, houses costing about Rs 14,400 to Rs. 20,000 are generally regarded as houses for the poor. But if you work it out you find that a 20-year hire purchase arrangement for a house costing Rs. 14,400 at 5 per cent interest (you cannot get better terms than this) involves a monthly repayment of Rs. 116.00. Your monthly income has to be at least Rs. 700 for you to afford such a rent and that rules out all but the top five to ten per cent in our country's income scale. The rest must have housing that is very much cheaper, beginning below a tenth of the figures we have been talking about. So we use up our meagre resources in public housing schemes for those who are better off and leave the poor uncovered.

I like to recall what Mr. Laurie Baker, the Kerala architect, once wrote to me (and I hope he won't mind my quoting him): "We are still miles wide of the real mark when we talk of a cheap house costing Rs. 3000. We are no (expletive deleted) good until we can do a 300-rupee house."

When it operates at all, the cost constraint usually makes planners locate poor peoples' housing in outlying places, far from the

nerve centres of a town. Quite often these marginal sites have no public transport service to bring settlers to their work places, but even where they do, planners forget that daily commuting costs add to the amount a settler has to spend on his house.

Having located our poor man's house we must ask ourselves what kind of dwelling it should be. Or rather, we should ask the poor man himself — something our planners seldom do. Where do you find architects designing clients' houses without ascertaining what their wants are? Only in public housing projects and specially in housing for the poor.

Watch how the poor live then, before trying to impose on them the kind of living you and I prefer. Our homes are planned to meet our own ever-growing list of wants; our houses must be designed for privacy, for shelter from the rain, the sun and its heat, for light and ventilation and hygiene and sanitation and elegance and aesthetic value — and for eternity too. The poor too, want some of these things, but not in quite the same way. Privacy ranks nowhere near as high on the list as it does with us; durability is largely irrelevant to a man who is well accustomed to repairing and renewing certain components of his simple dwelling place at least once a year. Light and fresh air are plentiful and free to poor families: they spend a much larger proportion of their waking hours out-of-doors.

A shortcoming that afflicts most designers of urban houses for the poor is their inability, or reluctance, to remember that many of our squatters and slum dwellers have moved from their villages not so long ago, and remain, in all but locating, rural people. They carry their rural habits with them. In a village you walk into your neighbour's house as easily as into your own. There is, particularly among the women, an unusual amount of communion and interaction in the common areas outside their houses, where so many of their household chores are done. Children play without fear in these common areas, within sight of their own parents or other elders.

It is fairly clear that a life style of this kind is not compatible with multi-storeyed housing. This at once brings us up against a widespread myth: the misconception that land shortages in cities make multi-storeyed houses inevitable. Houses in such buildings are usually far more expensive than ground-floor houses, and even where land is costly, it contributes only fractionally to total costs.

To achieve an economical density with ground floor houses requires some tinkering with the extravagant building codes and bye-laws that our municipalities enforce, regulations that often ensure a waste of at least enough and around a house to let a car drive around it! Planners the world over tend to write such prescriptions. Here is a paragraph from a booklet about poor peoples' housing in South America:

"The snag in the poor countries is that those professionally concerned with housing, be they foreigners or locals, always think in terms of a way of life represented by a European or North American house. Just see what happens when you try to put over to an architect the notion of a 'provisional house.' While the poor client is doing what he can do to protect his beds from the rain, our good friend is thinking of things like liquid gas."

Our building codes need other changes as well. We must get them to recognise rudimentary building materials like mud and thatch, with which poor people have always put up very liveable houses. It is ironical and sad that the very codes that seek to safeguard living standards ensure that decent, liveable houses remain

Continued on page 58

HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Mrs. Kamlesh Nischol, C/o Eve's Weekly. Mrs. Nischol is a leading psychologist and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight.

INCESTUOUS RAPE

I have been hearing about cases of incestuous rape. The thought that young innocent girls are betrayed and assaulted by those responsible for their protection has been bothering me constantly. I keep on getting distressing pictures in my mind despite efforts to resist them. I am very upset. Please help me to get peace of mind. I am 20.

I agree with you that not only incestuous rape, but rape **per se** is a very distressing phenomena. But not all men are rapists. Cases of father rapists are rare in our country, primarily on account of our cultural conditioning. However, a study of those who commit these crimes have revealed two factors responsible for their behaviour. Either propinquity and a possible cultural tolerance of incest in their background have led men to abuse girls who live under their protection, or some distortion of their personalities during childhood has deprived them of their ethical norms.

Instead of conjuring up pictures of "girls in distress," you could attempt helping those who have suffered, or prepare the innocent ones, both emotionally and physically, to guard themselves against such an event.

They could be told that girls who are sexually abused by their near and dear ones generally accept unquestionably the male authority figures. Force or threat of force may be used, they may be enticed by money or gifts, but by and large "the evil is based on the child's natural loyalty and affection for a near relative." Once they become aware of these factors they would perhaps not become victims.

BEING UPSET DOES NOT HELP

NOT SURE OF HIS FEELINGS

I am a Tamilian Christian girl of 24 years studying in a medical college. I have become very fond of a Keralite Hindu boy studying with me. For the first two years in college we did not talk to each other much, but now we have been meeting once in a while. My problem is that I do not know about his feelings for me.

Generally no direct statements are required to prove the point as actions and behaviour reflect the feelings. The fact that this boy drops in to meet you shows that obviously he cares for your company. You could observe whether he shows the same consideration to other girls, also, how concerned he is if you are absent from college over a period of time. If you enter into a general discussion with him regarding his future plans, career, marriage etc. this probably would give you an insight into the working of his mind.

ONE-SIDED LOVE

I am deeply in love with a boy since the last five years. He has never responded towards my feeling. He lives abroad but whenever he comes, he brings me gifts and talks a lot with me on various subjects excepting love. I cannot live without him. Should I tell him how I feel or will this prompt him to talk against me to everyone?

Possibly your one-sided affection for this boy stems from your unrealistic view of the situation. For one thing, he lives abroad and is exposed to greater stimuli than you; for another, he meets you only occasionally and both of you hardly have time to understand each other's attitudes, interests and emotions. Bringing gifts from abroad is common and this should not be interpreted as a gesture of love

I suggest that you start mixing with people of your own age group who are nearer you. It is quite likely that mentally you have blocked yourself against all others by keeping alive a conceptualised image of this friend.

I suggest you postpone the idea of telling him anything until you are certain about yourself. After all, your mentioning that the boy might talk against you is an indication that either you do not know him sufficiently or he has little regard for you as a person. In either case you need a better understanding of the boy vis-a-vis others of the same age group and background.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

BULGING THIGHS

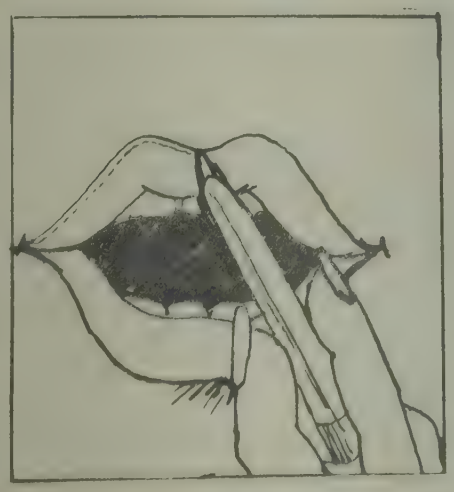
I am very fond of swimming but my thighs are bulging. This looks unsightly when I wear a swimsuit. Please suggest an exercise for me.

R.T. (Calcutta)

Try this exercise to get rid of the bulge. Do it regularly for about five minutes morning and evening.

Sit on the edge of a straight chair. Grasp the seat and put your feet out slightly in front of you. Keeping your weight on your heels and hands lift your bottom. Lift as high as possible keeping your body straight, then lower it. Repeat 10 times.

TOO FULL LIPS



STICKY HANDS

My lips are too full and when I apply lipstick they look all the more prominent. What should I do? Also my hands become sticky in warm weather. Any remedy?

M.F. (Cochin)

Try this make-up trick to minimise the fullness of your lips. Lightly cover the lips with a tinted foundation and using a lip pencil outline slightly inside your natural lip-line. Then fill in colour using a lipstick. Since you have too full lips, avoid using very dark shades of lipstick.

Stroking your hands with an anti-perspirant will keep them cool and prevent stickiness. You could also use chilled cologne on your hands.

OILY HAIR

My hair is very oily and I wash it every alternate day to get rid of the oiliness. While brushing, too, the oil stains the brush. My other problem is that when I come home from a late night party, I go to sleep without removing my make-up as I feel very sleepy. What should I do?

V.G. (Bangalore)

Here is a trick for you to try. Before you start brushing your hair, cover the bristles with a piece of fine muslin. The muslin will absorb much of the oil and keep the brush clean.

Make-up should definitely be removed before going to bed. Sleeping with it on will irritate the pores.

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HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

BUDGETS ARE THE BUGBEAR OF MY LIFE

How many budgets does one have to worry about? We have a Central Budget and a State Budget. We hardly recover from those two when the Municipal Budget comes up. They are experts at painless extraction. No extra water tax, only a surcharge. No extra electricity rate, only a fuel charge. No extra bus fare, only no space in buses. The taxi rate goes up, but the meters are always down.

I am a guy who worries, honey, and I spend nights planning economies, only to realise that it results in fat electricity bills, fattened by surcharges I have not yet understood. For about a week after each budget my poor wife tries to cut down on expenses, and takes to buying leafy vegetables, making pies of left overs and spreading margarine on the morning toast. But as time goes on the budget trauma fears off, and we are back to normal with Amul butter, pure Aarey ghee and the best Shalimar broilers. Only, after the 20th of each month it's normally a drinkless, smokeless week for me.

For a month after the budget I didn't make a single telephone call to any friend. They all called to enquire what was wrong. The telephone bill however continued to remain on the high side. I went from room to room checking to see if all the lights were off. I wore my sandals out, raised my blood pressure, but the additional surcharge on fuel pushed the electrical energy bill even higher.

When we were living in the old house things were different. Somehow friends always associated old furniture, faded curtains and ordinary food as part and parcel of an old house. Ever since we moved into the new cottage, we began to hear phrases like "Babs, you must have a pure leather sofa set. . . Your fridge does not go with the kitchen decor," and so on. We now know what it means to keep up with the Joneses and how expensive it is. Already a new demand from my daughter has sent my hyper tension sky high. "Dad, we must be the first to have colour television. How else could we have our boy friends over every evening?" I am not getting into the merits or otherwise of colour television, but how'll I pay for it? Meanwhile my married son is waiting for my black & white set when I borrow enough money to get the coloured one.

My wife and daughters are believers that time is money only when they are travelling. They always travel by taxi. It has suddenly become necessary for them to shop exclusively at large department stores, because female minds fall easily for pink and green stamps. I recently took a large number stuck in two fat books and all I got in exchange was an old wire clothes hanger twisted to look like a weeping Madonna. With my family keeping up with Indian traditions, we now already have three grandchildren, and grand children as you probably know, are gift liabilities.

Their scheming mothers make sure to bring the tots over a month before each birthday, Christmas and Easter and say, "Darling, kiss grand dad and ask him what gift he is planning to give you."

I do not know how long I can resist my wife's demands to buy a deep freezer. According to her feeble thinking we can buy in bulk and save. Feminine thinking never calculates the cost of electricity, space, maintenance, and the fact that bulk buying just helps to accumulate bulk.

Now she has come up with another fantastic suggestion. Just listen to her argument. Just you listen. We were seated one evening sipping Feni and wondering where our next hooch would come from when she said, "John, Usha said she has a Diners Credit Card and pays no cash when she goes shopping. Isn't that great? No cash to pay. Why don't you get me a Diners Credit Card?" Holy Papaya Powder! What answer does a harassed husband give to such a question?

Until next time then.

You have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.

Bernard Shaw

True wit is nature to advantage dressed

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope

Nothing shows a man's character more than what he laughs at.

Goethe

I enjoy a good laugh — one that rushes out of a man's soul like the breaking up of a Sunday school.

Josh Billings

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GOOD HUMOUR

A sense of humour is a sense of proportion.

Khalil Gibran

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

Santayana

Nothing reveals a man's character better than the kind of joke at which he takes offence.

Lichtenberg

It's pretty hard to tell what brings happiness; poverty and wealth have both failed.

Kin Hubbard

Some of us might find happiness if we quit struggling so desperately for it.

William Feather

The only thing worth having in an earthly existence is a sense of humour.

Lincoln Stephens

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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LIFE'S A FUNNY THING

A spoonful of humour
to make
the medicine go down

Some wise man once said, "The best way to win an argument is to avoid it." Someone should have taught my boss that from the age of five. I'd had a miserable day at the office and came home to find Sundar sobbing like a mother on her daughter's wedding day. "Hey, little fellow," I said, "what's the matter?" He said, "Sushila broke my best toy." I asked, "How did she manage to do that?" Sunder sniffed loudly and said, "I hit her over the head with it."

That kid of mine will go far.

It took me an hour of acute reasoning with both of them before they kissed and made up. Then Susie comes in and announces that dinner had been burnt to a cinder and please forgive her and could we eat out. I yelped, "No!" I told her, "We cannot eat out. Prices these days wear space suits and I'm about as rich as a cripple selling lottery tickets." So she bursts into tears. Gad, I told myself, it's going to be one of **those** days.

And was I right? My next door neighbour, who's so big that he could easily wrestle a circus bear, comes in and says, "Look, mister, if your son must play cricket in the compound, tell him not to use my windows as the boundary line." I paid for a shattered window. Then the dhobi comes in with one of my shirts looking like a piece of Brussels lace. He's a sensitive man, so I forgave him and told him to remove the tack nails from the stone before he starts pounding shirts on it. Then came a bright moment for a change. A young lady punched the doorbell. She was a vision in a pale blue saree that must have been manufactured by a spider. She was selling ice-cream mix, pickles, fruit juices and God knows what, door to door. I took one of each without looking at the labels and after making her cut the price by two rupees. Don't sneer. With two rupees I can buy a pinch of salt.

Capsuled wisdom is apt to go haywire. Little mishaps started falling again into my life like raindrops on a rose garden. The kids had all gone over to the neighbour's house to watch a lot of visual drivel on TV. Susie and I were alone in the house, so I started making overtures to Susie. What the heck, she's my own wife, isn't she? Well, I needn't have bothered. She wasn't in the mood, she said. I took out the whisky and poured out a tot strong enough to uproot a tree. Jesus showed wisdom when he changed water into wine.

I wondered what catastrophe was going to happen next. I soon found out. There was a minor explosion in the kitchen. I rushed in like a fireman about to rescue a nude girl from the fourth floor. A huge pan of food lay on the floor and Susie was wringing her hands and crying. "Don't worry, darling," I said, "it's only food." Sometimes I take leave of my senses. Food costs money. She laid her head on my chest and sobbed. We had our afternoon meals from cans gifted to us by a generous aunt who lives in the heart of London.

Maybe now, I told myself, all this will stop. It didn't. A letter arrives. It's from a wise guy who was brought up, literally, on the streets of Harlem. The letter said, "Listen, Mac, I'm having a party Saturday night and I'll break your arm in three places if you don't come. It's stag." Maybe you think what's the man complaining about — parties are nice things. You'd be so wrong. This fellow throws parties that would make a Roman orgy look like a prayer meeting in a nunnery. If I went, Susie, who knows this man, would be as horrified as a bishop who hears Bowery language flying all over his vestry. And getting out of it was going to be as easy as going to the top of the Empire State building on foot with your toes in plaster. It never rains but it pours.

And then, praise the saints, it stopped. As the saying goes, the moon came over the mountain. Nothing untoward happened for an hour. One whole hour. I put John Lennon on the turntable and gave him able vocal support. Susie came in and said, "Where's the fire?" I stopped singing. My talents are not appreciated in this house. But, dear friends, nothing more happened except that the chilli fry made me weep. Even all bad things must come to an end.

See you!

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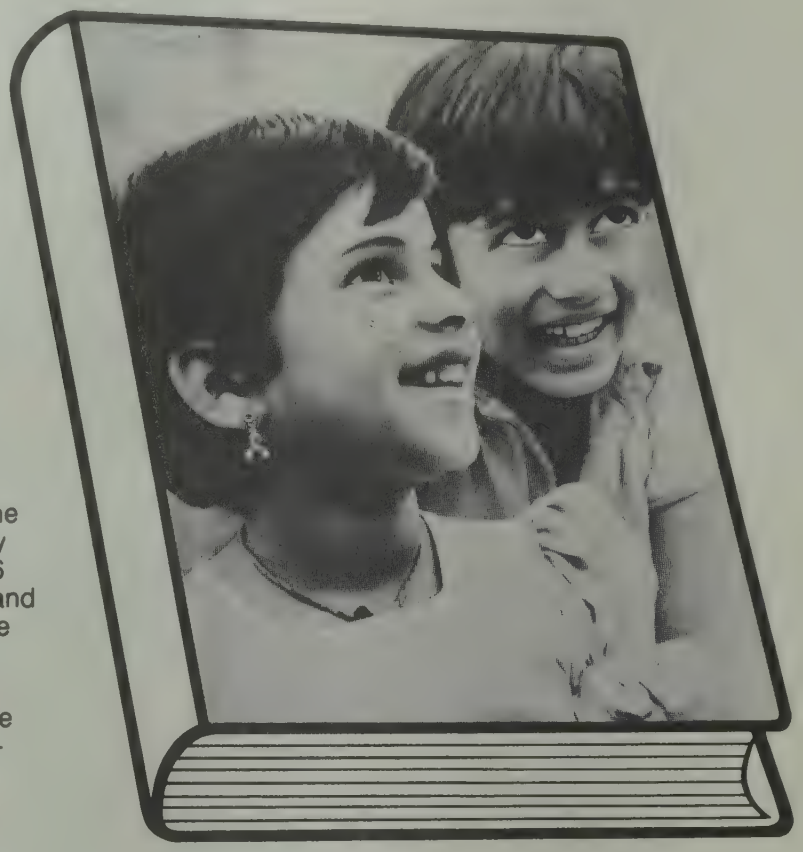

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WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ECONOMY

Not to be a purchaser is a revenue.

Cicero

Economy is too late at the bottom of the purse.

Seneca

Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income.

Logan Pearsall Smith

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.

Zimmerman

Good bargains are pick-pockets.

Anon

The love of economy is the root of all virtue.

Bernard Shaw

To disregard frugality is to err through excesses.

Epicurus

It is not necessity but abundance which produces avarice.

Montaigne

Heedless self-interest is bad economics.

Franklin Roosevelt

To do good is service to God; to be economical is service to self.

Corneille

Truth is such a precious article, let us economise in its use.

Mark Twain

Economy is the arm-chair of old age.

Henry Adams

To give with a bleeding heart is economy; for you will avoid doing so in the future.

Will Rogers

The most inconvenient feature about economy is that it takes so long to make you rich.

Kin Hubbard

To take two spoons of sugar in your tea, instead of three, is economy.

Austin O'Malley

Compiled by: George T. Fegradoe.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

SANJEEV RESIGNED TO BACHELOR STATUS

"This Benjamin Kingsley who plays Mahatma Gandhi should be on a diet of herbs, fruits and goat's milk as a mark of respect for Gandhiji, plus to get into the holy detached mood to play the Mahatma," said a Gandhiji fan.

"What mood? He is a professional actor, he can lead the Danda March during the shooting, and jump into bed for a porno film after pick-up and perform both the roles with ease," I said.

"How can he, how can a man who has worked in porno films play our Mahatma?" " he said and broke into tears.

"Even Sayeed Jaffrey, who is playing Vallabhbhai Patel, has worked in amorous films in London, but then all this is considered as harmless as modelling for Chyavanprash" I told him.

* * *

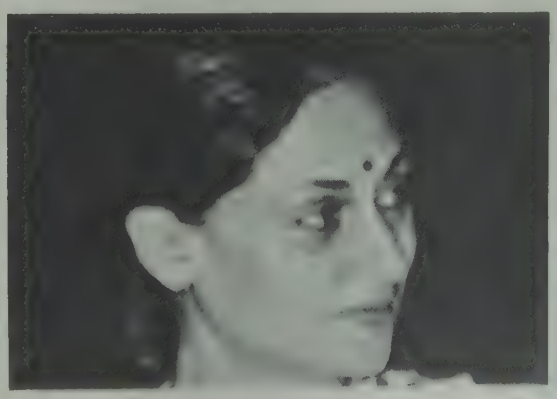
Javed, who lacks the romanticism of Salim, went in for a change of image. He dabbles in poetry and has even managed to crash into the romance, rather scandal bracket, when filmdom buzzed with rumours of his nikka with Shabana Azmi. "Bachpan ke sathi"—he, the son of Jan Nisar Akhtar and she, the daughter of Kafi Azmi, discuss poetry after moon rise. Poor Javed, if he has to succeed in romance, he will have to curb his sense of humour. Humour is disastrous to any romance.

* * *

Married men, rather unhappily married men, are the vogue in filmdom. So are the Mandir marriages, secret marriages that are later open for discussion with the bride and groom participating in it and a poll on the secret marriage. With married stars going in for a second innings, bachelor Sanjeev Kumar is alarmed and remarked to a few close friends that he would like to finish all commitments and lead a peaceful retired life by the middle of next year. Meanwhile, he faced the mahurat shot of Shakti Samanta's new film "Eyashi" last week.

* * *

Amitabh is already running out of breath, he plays a triple role in one film, then he will sing his own songs in "Silsila", which is really a poem recitation with I suppose background music.



I hope Rekha, the bathroom singer, does not insist on singing her own songs, and then even Jaya may insist on singing at least a lullaby. Sheetal, Amitabh's so far hidden secretary, flew all the way to Kashmir to watch Jaya shoot. He feels more secure now with two earning members, but all the same he is looking after Anita Raj's work. She may not be a Superstar, but she is the shooting star.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Activity High School, attempted with some success the staging of one of the longest running West End plays, "The Mousetrap" by Agatha Christie. The students of the school, aged between 13 and 15 years, provided plenty of thrills for a packed audience at the Tejpal Auditorium. The play was directed by Miss Meher Dubash and prizes were awarded to Vidhi Chudiwalla for the Best Principal Performer and to Delna Golvala for Best Supporting Actress. At the request of some members of the audience, a second staging of the play was held later on in the month.

* * *

On November 16 the National Association of the Blind is to repeat its novel and useful venture in fund raising. A complete train will be chartered to carry patrons to Pune (and back) for the "Maharashtra Hospitals Special Race Day". A number of VIP's will also be travelling on the train and entertainment for the travellers has been arranged. In addition, generous support has come from the wholesale dealers of Four Square Kings, India's largest selling king-sized filter cigarettes, who have offered to sponsor a race by donating a trophy to the winner.

The tickets have been priced at Rs. 150, and the proceeds will go towards the All-India projects of the NAB.

Tickets and further information can be obtained from NAB, Jehangir Wadia Bldg., M.G. Rd., Fort, Bombay 1.

* * *

An exhibition-cum-sale of "Pressed Flower Art" was held by Mrs. Laxmi Sarma recently at "Cosmopolis".

DELHI

A treat for art lovers are the works of Pablo Piçasso — never before shown in India — at the National Gallery of Modern Art. The collection includes masterpieces from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. 24 paintings and seven sculptures of rare genius have been brought to India by the Exchange Programme of the Indo-U.S. Commission on Education and Culture. Vice-President Mr. Hidayatullah inaugurated the exhibition amidst a crowd of Picasso fans and art lovers.

* * *

CALCUTTA

The ceremony to launch the "Nava Nir Nava Asha" project of a new home for aged women, sponsored by the West Bengal Co-ordinating Council of Women, was held at the Raj Bhavan, Calcutta. Members of the Citizen's Committee, and the press were present when Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal and President of the Citizen's Committee NNNA, launched the project. Mrs. Renuka Ray welcomed the members and the former Chief Justice of West Bengal, and the Chairman of the Citizen's Committee spoke about the need for such a home. Mr. Rusi S. Gimi, Chairman, "Nava Nir", thanked those who had donated generously for the project.

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Mr. C. R. Irani, Managing Director, "The Statesman", presented the Statesman awards for rural reporting. The focus on rural communities was a new venture

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1. At a farewell party hosted by Mr. A. Siddiqi, G. M., Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, for Mr. A. Al-Husseini Consul-General of Qatar, are seen (from left) Mr. S. Dasgupta, G.M., Oberoi Bogmalo Beach, Goa, Mrs. C. Denvers, wife of the Australian Consul-General, Mrs. A. Haq, wife of the PIA Manager and Mrs. Siddiqi.

2. The Mahalaxmi Jaycees held a function to award the "Outstanding Young Person" trophy to Miss Meher Heroyce Moos (fourth from left). She was welcomed by the President, Jce Sabita Oberoi (second from left) and introduced by Jce Goof Ghadiali (extreme right).

3. Lioness President Dr. Indira Ghatikar cutting the cake on the eve of the Charter Night celebration of the Lions Club of Cuffe Parade at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay. Looking on are (from left) Dist. Gov. Jayvant Parekh, Club Pres., Babu Shetty and Lioness Freny Vachha.

and has created an awareness in young journalists.

The presentation of the awards was followed by a panel discussion on "How relevant is the press in India?"

* * *

The 43rd Annual Awards function of the Bengal Film Journalists was held recently. It was inaugurated by Mr. D. V. S. Raju, Chairman of the NFDC. Mr. B. K. Karanjia, former Chairman of the Film Finance Corporation, Mr. N. K. Ghosh and others spoke on the occasion. Tributes were paid to the memory of Uttam Kumar, Mohammed Rafi and Peter Sellers.

Soumitra Chatterjee was awarded the best actor's award and Madhabi Chakravarty, the best supporting actress award

LUCKNOW

A group of 11 enthusiastic Japanese tourists spent 10 days at the Bhatkhande College of Music, Lucknow brushing up their knowledge of the sitar and the tabla. Their team leader Mr. Tadshiro Wakabayashi runs a sitar school in Tokyo. These boys and girls, ranging in age between 25 and 35 years, are all professionals, who have a keen interest in Indian music.

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"Begum Hazrat Mahal", an historical Urdu play was staged successfully at Ravindralaya. Written by Amjad Ali Khan and directed by Hareesh Jaloota, the first show was inaugurated by Ammar Rizvi, Minister for National Integration. The play vividly depicted those scenes of the mutiny of 1857 in which Begum Hazrat Mahal was involved.

BANGALORE

Kiran Desai, disciple of Vasanthasena (of Nrityalaya, Bombay), gave a Bharata Natya recital, under the auspices of the Karnataka Nrityakala Parishath, at the Bangalore Gayana Samaj. Young Kiran danced with grace and ease.

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The Governor of Karnataka and Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain joined an invited gathering for a programme of devotional music organised at the Raj Bhavan, by students of the Department of Song, Dance and Drama of Bangalore University. The hour-long programme consisted of Bhajans of composer-saints from different parts of India. Dr. H. K. Ranganath compered the show.

BARODA

The Inner Wheel Club of Baroda held a charity dance performance by Mrinalini Sarabhai, her daughter Mallika and their Darpana troupe, at Gandhi Hall. The funds collected are to be used for the club's various Community Service projects under their "Talent Detection Programme".

PUNE

World Wildlife Fund-India, in collaboration with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, conducted an Environmental Education Workshop (EEW) at 'Sangam', the Centre for World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, Pune. The 6-day workshop, was primarily meant for senior advisers of Nature Clubs — the youth education programme of WWF-India — from all over the country. The workshop was inaugurated by Mr. I. M. Qureshi, the Chief Conservator of Forests, Maharashtra. Several other Forest Department personnel and naturalists were also expected to be present.

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4. Inaugurating the Special Ladies' Course at Davar's College, Bombay, is Dr. Homai Da Costa (centre), the only D.Sc. in nuclear medicine from Bombay University, flanked by Mrs. Deena Thacker, organiser of the course, and Dr. Khorshed Madon, Principal, Davar's College.

5. At the launching of the "Nava Nir" — Home for Aged Women — in Calcutta are seen (from left) Mr. Rusi Gimi, Mr. T.N. Singh, Governor of W. Bengal, Mrs. Renuka Ray and Justice Padma Khastogir.

6. Mrs. Arundathi Menon (left) and Mrs. Bhamini Narayan seen with some of the items displayed in their newly opened boutique in Madras, called "Shilpi".

7. Miss Preeti Singh (centre), winner of a beauty contest held in Chandigarh to select Miss Fresher of Polytechnic, is seen with Miss Mona Sindhu and Miss Tulika Mayer, first and second runners-up respectively.

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THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK NOV 16 — 22, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

It will be off with the old and on with the new — in more than one sphere of your life! Yes, you will feel the urge to wind up some of your current activities and interests — and to start afresh. Yet, try to retain all that is of value — emotionally as well as materially. You will gain, financially, from friendly business acquaintances, from information you secure, and from tips from people. In romance, unusual temptations will add excitement, but could complicate a steady relationship. If married, your partner may not share your ideas for domestic changes. So be very tactful. Healthwise, you will be rather accident prone in May, and prone to work too hard, mid-year.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Recent disagreements can be resolved now and you'll be on good terms with the youngsters in the family. Wait until next week to spend on personal items or to make a change in your appearance.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

An unexpected expense, though nothing much, may come at an inconvenient time. If domestic equipment needs servicing, get it done now and save time and money. The remainder of November will be busy.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

Mars will move out of opposition to your sign and bring relief from strenuous activities, running around to please others. Further opposition transits are on the way, but will be easier to handle. Get close relationships on to a happier basis.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Though a well-organised person, the tendency will be to let routine matters slide. This could be a mistake, because you'll find it difficult to cope as you get nearer the end of the year.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

If facts and figures are confusing, follow your intuition. However, it should be a relatively smooth-running week. Push on if you have domestic changes in mind. The lighter side of life is amusing, could bring a new romance.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Life could be a little complicated this week. You may find yourself drawn into the affairs of friends and relatives so that you have to neglect some of your own activities. A meeting will have an immediate impact, but romance slips from your grasp!

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Your relationships with others, are favoured, especially affairs of the heart. Your personality will attract others to you. If you want to buy an unusual item for yourself, or for the home, now is the time to get value.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

A week for getting results and co-operation. Favourable, also, for financial negotiations, a business contract, a tenancy or lease. A busy, but rather fortunate phase and you are about to enter a romantic period.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

The Sun moves into Sagittarius as this week ends and Mars moves out! Any progress you have made will be maintained. Give more time to hobbies and leisure. A business acquaintance may make a friendly overture.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

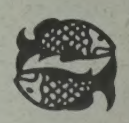
You are entering a vital phase of life when you progress with your ambitions. Added energy and enthusiasm will aid taking a bolder approach in most areas. You'll be busy soon, so tie up loose ends, get organised.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

If you have changes in mind, make them early in the new year. You are progressing well, in a general sense, and background influences are working in your favour. If heart-free, meetings will lead to a romance later on.

PISCES



(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Any running around you do will in some way help your interests as well as proving enjoyable, and you should soon be getting rewards for recent striving. If you are anxious to get a new scheme off the ground, don't skimp the essential details.

MULTI-STOREY NONSENSE

Continued from page 48

unrecognised and therefore deprived of municipal services, simply because they are not made of cement and steel. So that the threat our planners hold out that a departure from their sacred norms and specifications will lead to slum conditions becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy of doom.

Let me now turn to another, often overlooked feature of a housing programme — land tenure. At the level of poverty with which we are here concerned, I believe it is most important to give settlers a secure title to the land on which they live. Only thus will you induce them to save resources for house construction and gradual improvement. Permanent ownership is a powerful incentive to incremental improvements reasonably soon scrappy tin sheeting and ragged tarpaulin give way to brick walls and tiled roofs, but all this happens piecemeal, as occupant-owners collect their modest savings into investable lots over the years.

Indeed when we look at the problem of shelter for the poor in our country, one is driven to the conclusion that true solutions will begin not in the architecture or the engineering schools, but in the very squatter colonies that we so piously deplore. For it is in the study of the peoples' way of living, their use of covered space and open space, their ingenuity in choosing and using materials to build cheaply, and their almost continuous effort at maintenance and improvement, that the keys to the problem lie. Our persistent response instead has been to seek more and more expensive technologies from advanced countries. Our continuing flirtation with prefabrication techniques for building is an almost perfect example of this: appropriate and economical in societies which suffer a manpower shortage, prefabrication in our situation of labour surfeit and materials scarcity is as irrelevant as it is expensive.

There are many technical problems in designing housing programmes for the poor which, sadly, must be left to the professionals. One can only hope that the planners will ask the poor what they really want and need, and not simply impose their own preferences. One can also hope that they will bury their theories and their codes and really soil their hands trying to build cheap.

At the moment, we have instead too many cheap housing designers who succeed in preventing the good because they prefer to pursue the best.

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